

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Bank holiday in the fairground

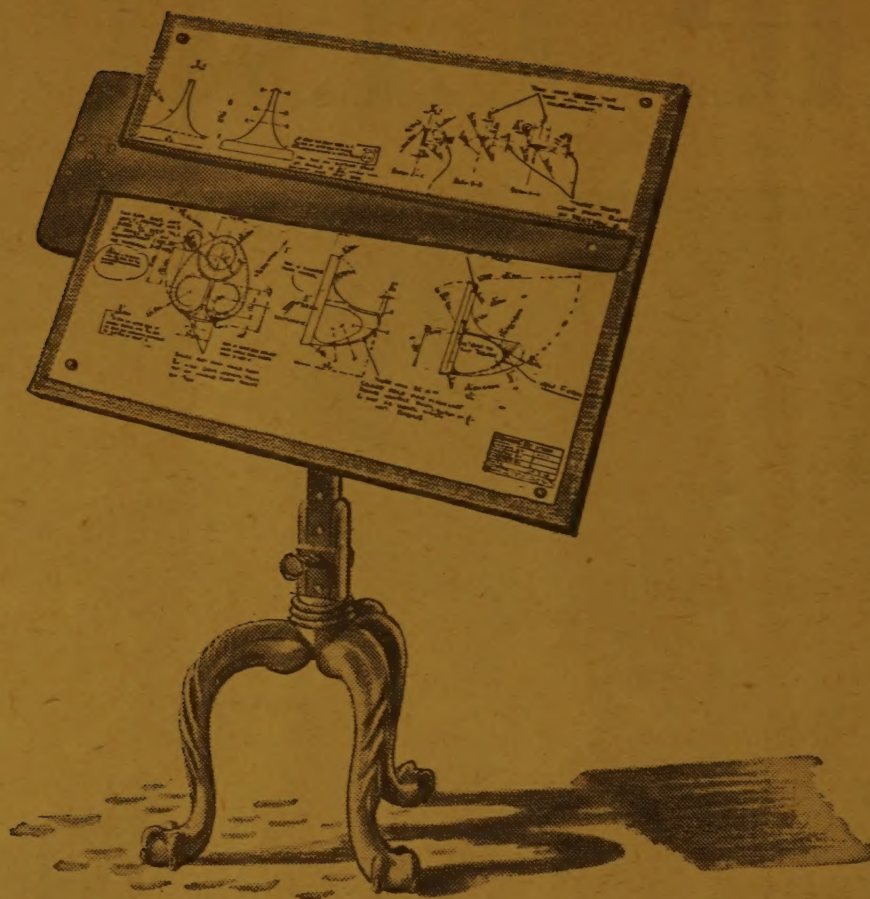
M. Plomer

In this number:

France and European Defence (Charles Janson)

Architecture in Moscow (A. Douglas Jones)

'By Man Came Death' (Sir Llewellyn Woodward)



Is it a job for Plastics?

Some production jobs are just right for plastics, some can be made right by simple alterations to the drawings, some are better made in other materials. The point is, who can say? We, in the B.I.P.

Group, believe that we can.

We have been in plastics from the early days. We make moulding powders, we design and make tools and presses and we are considerable moulders of our own and other materials.

In addition we maintain a Product and Mould Design Service staffed by highly-skilled, practical men who know the plastics industry from A to Z. This Service is freely at your disposal.



The most comprehensive service in plastics

BEETLE UREA & MELAMINE MOULDING POWDERS • BEETLE POLYESTER RESINS • BEETLE RESINS FOR THE PAPER, PAINT, TEXTILE, WOODWORKING & FOUNDRY INDUSTRIES • MOULDING TOOLS & PRESSES

BRITISH INDUSTRIAL PLASTICS LTD., 1 Argyll Street, London, W.1

The Listener

Vol. LII. No. 1326

Thursday July 29 1954

REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O.
AS A NEWSPAPER

CONTENTS

THE WORLD TODAY:

- France and European Defence (Charles Janson) ... 159
The Hydrogen Bomb (Sir Llewellyn Woodward) ... 167

ARCHITECTURE:

- Architecture in Moscow (A. Douglas Jones) ... 161

TOWN-PLANNING:

- Preserving Cambridge (Max Lock) ... 163

THE LISTENER:

- Forty Years On ... 164
What They Are Saying (foreign broadcasts) ... 164

DID YOU HEAR THAT?

- Centenary of a Museum (Maurice Lindsay) ... 165
Reflections on Shift Work (W. John Morgan) ... 165
Moral Responsibility (René Cutforth) ... 165
A Free Hand for the Chef (Michael Taaffe) ... 166

POEMS:

- Where Stood Manor House (Norman Passant) ... 169
Trinity Brothers Attend (I. A. Richards) ... 180

SCIENCE:

- Echo Sounding and Fishery Research (D. H. Cushing) ... 170

LAW:

- Law in Action: Trespassing Children (Dennis Lloyd) ... 172

- NEWS DIARY AND PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WEEK ... 174

MISCELLANEOUS:

- Rambling Readings in the *Annual Register* (A. P. Ryan) ... 176
Couscous and African Food (Isabelle Vischer) ... 177

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

- From Dr. Eric Ashby, C. V. Wedgwood, G. E. Assinder, H. S. Williamson, Dr. M. A. Ellison, Franz Reizenstein, Kingsley Amis, Harold Binns, and N. S. Mercer ... 178

- ART: The Venice Biennale (Robert Melville) ... 180

- THE LISTENER'S BOOK CHRONICLE ... 181

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH:

- Television Documentary (Reginald Pound) ... 186
Television Drama (Philip Hope-Wallace) ... 186
Sound Drama (J. C. Trewin) ... 187
The Spoken Word (Martin Armstrong) ... 188
Music (Dyneley Hussey) ... 188

- MUSIC: The Music of Arthur Benjamin (Scott Goddard) ... 189

- FOR THE HOUSEWIFE ... 191

- NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS ... 191

- CROSSWORD NO. 1,265 ... 191

France and European Defence

By CHARLES JANSON

WHEN M. Mendès-France accepted the French premiership a month ago, he undertook, first to get a cease-fire in Indo-China, and then to act on the French economic problem and on French ratification of the European Defence Community.

Several weeks ago I went out to Paris to try to find out what the chances were of French ratification of E.D.C. France had been saying for some time that E.D.C.—without the support of the United States and Britain—was too risky a proposition for her. However, a lot has been done during the last few months to reassure France about this.

Last April President Eisenhower made a very strong declaration to the six European countries whose governments have signed the European Defence Community Treaty. He said that the United States would keep its fair share of the forces needed in Europe for the joint defence of the Atlantic area, and that included the forces needed in Germany. He went on to say that the United States would encourage the closest possible integration of its own forces in Europe with those of the E.D.C. and that America would regard any threat to the integrity or the unity of E.D.C. as a threat to the United States itself.

Only a few days before that the British Government had signed a treaty of association with the E.D.C. countries which gave some of the assurances that the French Government had been asking for: that is, a guarantee of close British co-operation with E.D.C. forces in the defence of Europe. In the House of Commons, Mr. Eden went so far as to say that Britain was willing to have a British armoured division inside an E.D.C. corps and to allow R.A.F. units to operate with European units in each Nato air-group.

These statements of American and British policy were really addressed to the French parliament. Together, they were a powerful attempt to allay French fears and to encourage the French deputies to ratify the treaty setting up E.D.C. It may seem unreasonable to us that France should have hesitated for two years to ratify the E.D.C. treaty when her Government had, in fact, sponsored a European army towards the end of 1950. But the situation has changed a good deal since then. In 1950, the Soviet military threat seemed imminent and the American Government was insisting that Germany should help to defend both itself and Europe. So France was forced to accept the idea of a rearmed Germany and she looked around for the least objectionable way of producing German soldiers. After eighteen months of negotiations an agreement was reached, which seemed, as far as was humanly possible, to bring about a German rearmament without tears. There would be a European army, composed of a certain number of army corps. Each of these corps would contain two or three divisions: but each division would be of a different nationality. So the largest purely German unit would be the division. Then, the European army would be run by a body called the Board of Commissioners, a sort of European War Office. So there would be no German Ministry of Defence. The army would be commanded by the general responsible for the central European sector of the Atlantic area—at present he is the French Marshal Juin—who would have a mixed European staff. So there would be no German general staff.

Today the French are no longer nearly so frightened of Russia. Therefore they have gone back to their old fear of Germany, which remains for some of them the incorrigible European bandit. They do not like German rearmament and they do like the occupation,

which, it must be remembered, was originally intended to last twenty years at least.

By refusing to ratify E.D.C., the French parliament can certainly prevent, at least for a time, the rearmament of Germany. What she cannot now veto is the end of the occupation. A fortnight ago President Eisenhower and Sir Winston Churchill made it plain that they intend that Germany shall shortly recover her sovereignty whether the E.D.C. is ratified by France or not. Practically, therefore, France has the choice of accepting the original plan—German freedom subject to E.D.C.—or submitting to an Anglo-American plan which might eventually lead to a much less controllable German rearmament. The reason for the Anglo-American insistence on the end of the occupation is a political one: the United States and Britain value Dr. Adenauer much more than France does. Their governments and their diplomats are agreed that unless Dr. Adenauer gets sovereignty, Germany may well turn nationalist again. If this happened Adenauer would be out and the Soviet Union might then be able to lure western Germany into its own bloc by dangling before German noses the luscious carrot of limitless industrial markets in the communist east. French opinion is half inclined to the view that Germany will sooner or later turn nationalist anyway: therefore to many Frenchmen the important thing is that western Germany should remain disarmed even if there is already a German communist army in the Soviet zone.

An Essential Part of Consolidation

In my view, the free world will have suffered an incalculable disaster if France cannot persuade herself to face German rearmament under the new European system, for I do not believe that continental Europe will ever be secure against Stalinism until it succeeds in consolidating itself politically, militarily, and economically. E.D.C. is, I believe, an essential part of this consolidation.

It is exasperating to watch France wrestling with the problem. France is so many different things at once, and they seem never to add up to a consistent whole. The impression I get is that Frenchmen are now united on one thing only: that they will not be united forcibly by foreigners. This negative patriotism makes France like a cat which treads its wayward path exactly as it pleases, refusing all impetuous gestures of friendship; the most it will allow is that it should be scratched gently behind the ear. The French cat has recoiled time and again from its allies since the end of the war. It has recoiled especially from its American benefactor who has supplied so much of its milk and fish. And everyone has become more and more sad about it—especially kind Uncle Sam.

One may object that this French attitude disregards the military danger and shows too little concern for the safety of France's allies. I think this is true. But it is a waste of time to lecture the French on their shortcomings. In any case, they are always able to answer: 'Well, why don't you join the E.D.C. if you think it's so marvellous?' The diplomatic problem is to sustain a kind of constructive patience while M. Mendès-France wrestles with E.D.C.'s French supporters and opponents. We, and the United States, have already done the most positive thing which we could to encourage France to take on the risks of E.D.C. by giving her those guarantees in April.

It seemed to me, back in France after two years, that the situation had never been more confused. The E.D.C. question was enormously complicated by the war in Indo-China. So long as France had 7,000 officers and 40,000 N.C.O.s in Indo-China, she was naturally afraid of making a poor showing compared to Germany in a European army. That is why M. Mendès-France wanted to get a cease-fire in Indo-China before considering E.D.C. Another reason why the problem is particularly difficult for the new French Prime Minister at present is that he has in his Cabinet a number of men who are very hostile to the European Defence Community and a number of others—of whom he himself is one—who have not committed themselves either way because of these fears about the balance of power between France and Germany inside E.D.C.

It is impossible to prophesy anything about French politics, but while I was over there, I did try to find out what the present French political alignments were about the ratification of the treaty. I think there is one certain thing, and that is that if the French Assembly gets to the point of voting on E.D.C. at all, the vote will be close. So one has to start by asking oneself whether we shall be much further forward even if it is passed. Can a treaty of this importance be considered to be approved by the country if it is passed by a handful of votes only? We British would think not. The French, rather surprisingly, are not

worried about this. They point out that the constitution of the Third Republic itself was passed by exactly one vote in 1875. What, then, are the party positions?

France has six main parties or groups. Of these, one—the Catholic Progressive M.R.P.—is whole-heartedly committed to the European army. Indeed, one of their leading members, M. Robert Schuman, has been the great champion of European co-operation, and of friendly relations with Dr. Adenauer, whose whole foreign policy is based on European union. Then there are three French political groups who will not vote unitedly on E.D.C.: the Socialists, who have a faction in favour of the treaty headed by M. Guy Mollet, and a faction against it, headed by M. Jules Moch, the Radical Party, and the Conservatives. The two remaining parties—the Communists and the Gaullists—are for different reasons implacably opposed to the European army.

The Communist Position

The Communists are opposed for the obvious reason that they have been ordered to vote against it by the Kremlin, which wishes the eastern zone to be the only armed part of Germany. So they have been ordered to vote against any rearmament of western Germany. The Gaullist position is more interesting, and more complicated. It may turn out to be important. It will certainly get a full hearing because a Gaullist, General Koenig, is now Defence Minister in the Mendès-France Cabinet; and because, as so many of the Gaullists resisted the enemy from the earliest days of the defeat of 1940, they have a special moral claim to be heard on military questions. They are also the one group that seems to have a positive alternative to E.D.C. The Gaullist objections to E.D.C. are based on the fact that they will not accept any break-up of the French army. As the E.D.C. treaty provides that the greater part of the French army will be inside E.D.C. and will be equipped and commanded not by French authorities but by supra-national authorities, Gaullists cannot accept it, though their position is, obviously, quite different from the communist one.

Like the Communists they are against E.D.C., but they are not against German rearmament—only against the merging of contingents, equipment, and command, in a supra-national authority. It is from this objection that their more positive policy arises. General Billotte, who is the chief spokesman for the Gaullists in the Assembly, has advocated as an alternative to E.D.C. a European coalition system in which France and her partners will each preserve their national sovereignty. Instead of the supra-national E.D.C. Board of Commissioners, he wants a council of heads of states, meeting only periodically: instead of a European army corps made up of divisions of different nationalities, he wants national armies under the command of the Central European Sector of Shape—that would mean simply under a general staff composed of officers from the six countries. In other words, the Gaullists propose not a European Defence Community but only a coalition army under an operational headquarters of the modern international type, such as General Gruenther's Nato headquarters at Marly, near Paris.

This military scheme, which seems to be supported by Marshal Juin, may be all very well in itself but it obviously suffers from the very great political weakness that in order to preserve complete independence for the French army it does the same for the German army. In fact, it permits the revival of the *Wehrmacht*. Also it is an unrealistic policy because it is very unlikely indeed that Dr. Adenauer, who has staked his all on a new Europe, will himself agree to reopen negotiations on a dressed-up old chestnut such as the Billotte plan.

M. Mendès-France's Powers of Leadership

The fact, however, that there is this alternative Gaullist policy may prove damaging to the chances of E.D.C. if it comes to a vote in the Assembly. General Billotte's plan, in fact, provides yet another opportunity of deferring decision. It is an escape—not a possible solution: for even if it gets considerable support, it would not in the end get us any further at all because there is little chance that any form of German rearmament other than E.D.C. would get a majority in the Assembly. For I believe that when it came to the point, the French parliament would not accept German rearmament without political controls of the kind provided by E.D.C. Whether M. Mendès-France himself will take this view is what we do not know; and it is the critical point. He has shown great powers of leadership, and it is his leadership which will be decisive in the next few weeks.

—Home Service

Architecture in Moscow

By A. DOUGLAS JONES

THE window of my bedroom in the National Hotel in Moscow looked out on to the north-west corner of the Kremlin. Beyond, the Red Square runs gently uphill and culminates at the end in the impressive silhouette of St. Basil's church. St. Basil's looks as if it had been produced by Aladdin's lamp for Kubla Khan, instead of for Ivan the Terrible; with its central spire surrounded by seven great onion domes, growing out of only the shallowest sub-structure. There is an even richer and more genuine Byzantine splendour in the Kremlin itself, in the Tsars' private chapels, in the Church of the Annunciation (where thirteen Tsars are buried), and in

Poliakov, who is a member of the teaching staff of the Moscow School of Architecture. Poliakov's design clearly had as its inspiration the hall of St. George, which is a room of the royal palace in the Kremlin, and now serves as the foyer to the auditorium in which the Supreme Soviet meets—which may seem, in the twentieth century, a curious inspiration for an underground station.

The illustrations of the Moscow Metro which are so often published are generally those of the various station concours, and these illustrate another kind of monumentality. They are thirty feet wide, connecting corridors or halls which run between the platforms for their full length.

Some of them are parabolic in section while others have vertical sides and segmental ceilings. They have polished stone floors and walls of marble or of coloured ceramics. There is a complete absence of advertisements, but the loss of interest is more than offset by the ornate decoration and colour and also by the fact that the stations are kept spotlessly clean and bright: this is helped by the fact that smoking is not permitted. One concours had its walls lined with rows of life-size bronze figures, while another had a deep and highly ornamented frieze of acanthus leaves and other motifs, and a richly coffered ceiling from which hung rows of circular light brackets, each supporting a dozen opaque globes in the character of formalised lotus buds. The effect here is not Byzantine, and yet it still seems to be part of a Byzantine legacy.

But in Moscow the most obvious thing to talk about is not under the ground, but most solidly above it—the enormous number of new blocks of flats. Nearly all of these go up to a height of eight storeys; they are built of brickwork but on most of them rendering was used as a finish, and it is now rather drab. The old



Red Square, Moscow, with (left) 'the impressive silhouette of St. Basil's church', which has seven onion domes, and (right) part of the Kremlin

the thirteenth-century Cathedral of the Assumption which was used for coronations.

The Muscovites are, rightly, proud of these historic buildings, and they treat them well, sometimes installing artificial ventilation to help their preservation. And I believe that the presence of this Byzantine group has had a great influence on the architecture of their new public buildings in Moscow and that this is reflected in their desire for architectural splendour. Furthermore the continued use of the Kremlin as the seat of central government has given them in the popular mind the same kind of glory or authority as the Gothic buildings of Westminster did in this country.

This is something which should not be forgotten when we try to judge their new public buildings, especially from photographs; but even when I was in Moscow, last autumn, and so aware of the city as a whole and of the influence of the Kremlin and the great churches, I found it difficult, in common I suppose with most western architects, to appreciate their modern works. To us they appear to be too ornamental and too derivative. Take, for example, the design of their metro stations. The prize-winning design of one of these, which had been put out to open competition among architects, was by Academician



Corridor in Taganskaya metro station, Moscow

eighteenth-century buildings in Leningrad are invariably rendered most attractively, in blue, grey, green, red, and more often in ochre; and these colours are given sparkle by the use of white, on columns, cornices, and window surrounds. But in Moscow this admirable pattern has not been followed, and in the new flat buildings, to reduce the trouble of maintenance, a facing more permanent than rendering is being used, a rather dull buff-coloured ceramic tile. Small patches of colour have been introduced in some of the buildings, particularly on the university, but not enough to make much difference.

In the reconstructed parts of the city the monotony is emphasised by the regularity of the height of the building blocks; the architects cannot use single houses to give relief to the scene as houses are not being built in the city; and the forest of television aerials does not improve things. A great deal of road widening has been carried out and main streets are 150 feet in width (taking twelve lines of traffic abreast), and if in the process of road widening a building of importance happened to be in the way, it is moved back bodily on to preformed foundations. The vast classical headquarters of the Moscow Soviet in Gorky Street had received this treatment.

Although they have transplanted a large number of trees of about twenty feet in height, a walk through the completely reconstructed streets in Moscow is not on the whole an exhilarating visual experience—any more than it is in many of our cities—but I must say here that I believe that the schemes which are now on their drawing-boards will be a great improvement. I must also mention the eight new buildings in Moscow which reach a height of about thirty storeys or more and so help to break up the skyline. These buildings are decorated with pinnacles at each set-back and are usually crowned with a spire. Some of them contain flats and some administrative offices, and two are hotels.

There is nothing in Moscow, flats or any other kind of building, in what we of the west call the 'contemporary' idiom. For in the west the 'contemporary' architect has rejected traditional forms because he believes that the new materials with which he has to work, and the new building types which he has to provide, demand new forms of construction. This leaves no room for the old order and so he creates abstract aesthetic forms which are incomprehensible to those who do not know them. But understanding can come with familiarity and so our 'contemporary' architect considers this to be a fair proposition. But the Russian architect rejects this philosophy for this very reason: because it is not rooted in tradition and therefore has no associations. In some of the public buildings, as I said, the inspiration is directly derived from the Kremlin. But for flats and most other buildings the Russian architect has turned to the architecture of the Classical Revival which, in terms of time, is the nearest architecture to him with a vestige of tradition in it. In some of the 'workshops' of the architects' groups

we visited, I even saw books of Italian Renaissance detail lying about which were obviously much in use.

I spent some time examining the drawings of flats to house scientific workers with families of three, four, or five. They were identical with some of the workers' flats we visited in Stalingrad. I thought the planning well organised, but, again, space did not seem to be a worry to them—headroom was standardised at no less than eleven feet from the floor to ceiling. Corridors, too, were lavish. Each flat was extremely well equipped with all manner of services, but things such as doors, door furniture, windows, cookers, and sinks were of a poor quality. They have clearly been concentrating on the production of consumer goods in quantity at the expense of quality. But it seems that the poor quality of such goods has been recognised by the Government, and steps have been taken to raise the standard. The rents of these flats

are low and are fixed at from five per cent. to eight per cent. of the tenant's income, with a small additional charge for central heating. One of our Russian friends thought the rents were too low and should be raised so that more could be spent on upkeep.

The flat plans are standardised in order to speed the erection—as were stairs and sanitary units, and the drainage was preformed in the wall panels. The speed of erection is certainly terrific; large blocks of flats are being built in from six to eight months—of brick, and in a few cases of reinforced concrete framing. The usual practice is for teams of two men and three women to work together on the erection of the walls. The teams work on a bonus system and lay from 4,000 to 5,000 bricks in an eight-hour day, and a friend of mine saw a target of between 7,000 and 8,000 actually reached. On



A thirty-storey building on the Kotelnicheskaya Embankment, Moscow, which contains 800 flats: on the ground floor are shops, a cinema, and an automatic telephone exchange

all building sites there are boards on which the performance of the various teams is displayed.

I must now say something about the astonishing new university building, which, in spite of this speed of erection, took four years to build. It is an immense building with about 22,000 rooms in it; at night it is brilliantly illuminated and looks enchanting, but I was less attracted by its daytime appearance. Its most remarkable feature is, simply, its size. As we walked away from it, Academician Rudniev, the chief of the 500 architects who worked on it, asked us to gauge our distance from it; at half a mile we guessed we were a quarter of a mile away. Rudniev drew a skeleton plan of the building on the gravel path with his walking stick, and as he did so he put in first one axis and then another and said: 'I like thinking in terms of axes and of the plan'. This was revealing because this was a dogma of the Classical Revival and shows so clearly the difference between the Soviet architects' approach to design and our own.

The 6,000 students of the university live in ten-storey wings on either side of the main academic building, and their rooms, which measure about ten feet by eight, are well fitted out. From these ten-

storey wings the university gradually builds up to a climax of about thirty-five storeys in the centre. It is crowned with an enormous pinnacle on which rests the Soviet Star which is illuminated at night. At the corners of the building, somewhere about the twenty-seventh storey, are four large statues which are constructed of small cubes of melted limestone. It is hard to give an architectural judgement on this building because one realises the enormous discrepancy between their ideas and those of most of us about the nature of a university. I would not like to live or to work in this huge compartmentalised building. But if I did not think a human scale important, then no doubt I could admire both the efficiency of its planning and its grandeur.

Twelve Groups of Architects

The university is situated in the south-west area of Moscow, an area which is being developed by Moscow's chief architect, Vlasov. Their organisation of development and city planning is very different from our own. In addition to developing this area, chief architect Vlasov is the administrative head of twelve other groups of architects, each of which is working on a part of the Moscow plan. These groups, while working together, are nevertheless architecturally autonomous and Vlasov has complete control only over his own group which is developing the core of the plan. The office of each group is staffed by architects, engineers, and other consultants, for there are no qualified 'town planners' in our sense, though architects may spend the sixth year of their training studying town planning.

In addition to Vlasov's administration there are twenty-five 'district' architects who are in charge of the maintenance and repair of Moscow's buildings, and there are other architects who are responsible for new schools, cinemas, and certain other building types.

There is a government check on the maintenance of standards of accommodation and construction, somewhat as there is over here; and, most important of all, there is a 'Projecting Institute' which decides the terms of reference within which Vlasov's groups have to work and which also makes the overriding decisions. In this category come the outline of new main roads and certain decisions relating to standards: in other words it is the 'Projecting Institute' which makes decisions on a national level. This dispersal of authority in the Moscow city architects' office between thirteen architects—one of whom is the chief architect—contrasts with our own city architects' offices, in which authority is graded in steps from the chief architect downwards.

Chief architect Vlasov's own group has planned some very promising things for the city, including a large park in front of the university with a road running from it down to the Moscow river, which curls round in a semi-circle some distance away. The width of the river is being doubled and in its curve a vast new circular stadium is to be built. There will be artificial lakes in the parkland which will provide almost fairy-like sites for open-air theatres and concerts. And so one of Professor Sir Charles Reilly's dreams will be realised; but in Moscow instead of in Liverpool!

On the other side of the university building there will be another stretch of parkland contained on either side by long blocks of administrative offices running at right angles to the university. Round this area there will be eight and ten-storey flats and their ancillary buildings. There is generous allowance of open space, and the whole scheme is, again, laid out with a classical formality with shops projected along the main roads: there are to be some 'fly-over' roads, but most of the junctions will rely for their effectiveness on their width and on plenty of white lines.

It is not the practice in Russia to build dwellings exclusively and before other building types. They build them all together: this was particularly noticeable in Stalingrad where, in spite of the complete devastation of the war, the new theatre was in use and a new planetarium was well on the way to being completed.

The affection for the Classical Revival was less in evidence in chief architect Vlasov's own office than in any other office I saw. I thought that the work of his team was of a higher standard than that of the others, and while Vlasov was walking round the various groups with us I wondered why he did not bring his own obvious architectural abilities to bear on their work. That was before I discovered that he had no architectural jurisdiction over them. One good thing Vlasov is doing is replacing the buff coloured ceramic tiles, which are now used for facings, with the traditional Baroque reds and whites; and he is also attempting to relieve the monotony of the appearance of the standardised flats by—to quote his own words—'giving them a feeling of plasticity', and by exploiting the English bay-window. Vlasov's job is a

difficult one: speed is still essential, which means that the standardisation of plans and construction is still necessary and overrides more subtle considerations. Plenty of open space, careful landscaping and good tree planting will help, but these blocks of flats, stretching on and on, are going to be very difficult to handle, and to look at.

I wonder how the next generation of Soviet architects is going to cope with them?

In both the Moscow and the Leningrad Schools of Architecture the studio design projects, of which I made a careful study, were identical with those of about twenty years ago. The Schools did give 'modern' architecture a trial in the nineteen-twenties and early 'thirties, but two elderly members of the teaching staff of the Moscow School told me that the students of today were receiving the same design training (this does not include technical training) that they had received as students, and they saw no reason to change it.

This architecture is recognisable to everyone because it is familiar, and they are right in thinking that the easiest way to aesthetic appreciation for the public as a whole—any public—is the sentimental way; it can also be attractive to the architect who is involved in vast building projects which have to be carried out quickly, because its formulae, which are well understood, are simple, and can easily be interpreted. But I do not believe that the imposition of such an arbitrary and derivative aesthetic can ever be anything but a temporary expedient. The Russian architects most certainly will not turn to our form of modern architecture; yet they in their way, as we in ours, will surely have to take more account of the aesthetic problems arising from the psychological and practical needs of our time; and, indeed, of what the scientific development of methods and materials has to offer.—*Third Programme*

Preserving Cambridge

By MAX LOCK

CAMBRIDGE now is England's only true university city. Unlike Oxford, it has managed to avoid an invasion by mass production industry. It is a regional centre, and a thriving county market town of about 80,000 inhabitants. Its arrangement and street pattern is medieval in form and very compact, yet it has more open space than almost any other town in England.

What are the peculiar problems of Cambridge, and what are the principal recommendations that will shape the future of the city? First, the function, the character and the size of Cambridge should remain more or less as it is. Therefore, everything that comes into Cambridge and that threatens to make it grow has to be sifted carefully. Big mass-producing industries wanting to come to Cambridge are already finding that they cannot get through the sieve, but firms with laboratories and experimental stations may filter through since they are the kind of industries that rely upon university brains.

The appalling traffic congestion in the main road is to be mitigated by a relief road, which, unfortunately, cuts across the open land of Christ's Piece and the grounds of Jesus College. Then there is the problem of Queen's Road, that beautiful avenue that runs between the rather gaunt University Library and Clare Hall Piece, from which you get that remarkable view over the Backs. For some time this road has been used as a relief trunk road. The Consultants want this to become a slow traffic road, like those in the royal parks of London, with a twenty miles an hour speed limit and closed to lorries and commercial vehicles. Beyond this road and the library to the west of the town the university itself is to have plenty of room to expand.

Cambridge is to take pioneer steps in eliminating the plague of curbside car-parking. Adjacent to the crowded market area there is to be a large open ramped car park with parking platforms on every half-landing, extending upwards through seven-and-a-half floors. This solution, so successful in American cities, has not yet been tried here.

For 300 or 400 years, in the King's Parade, town and gown have mingled. The shops are entered from the street, while over them are the undergraduates' rooms on the first floor which are entered from the back. This excellent arrangement is to be preserved and extended. In this, as indeed in so much of the Cambridge pattern, it is the essential character and virtues of the town that have constantly to be preserved. Cambridge must remain what it is, one of the most pleasant places on earth in which to live.—*From a talk in 'At Home and Abroad'*

* A development plan for Cambridge has been substantially agreed by the Minister of Housing and Local Government

The Listener

What They Are Saying

After the Geneva Conference

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate (including postage): £1 4s. sterling. Shorter periods pro rata. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or to usual agents.

Forty Years On

AUGUST bank holiday week-end is a phrase that for some of the ageing carries overtones. It recalls events and reflections, an atmosphere and a mood, that only those who experienced them can fully savour. And now this particular week-end marks the fortieth year since one world came to an end and another began. Realisation of the fact dawned later, but it has long been apparent that August 4, 1914, was one of history's milestones.

Forty years is a short enough span as history is reckoned, but the events those years have thrown up—two world wars, the coming of the Welfare State, the production of atom and hydrogen bombs, to mention only a few—clothe the era of 1914 with strange and misty garments. It is not uncommon for some elderly people to look back on that period as one of comparative peace and quiet and of civilised living, with hansom cabs setting the pace and the flying machine holding little more menace than a new-fangled toy. Thus the period is surrounded with a romantic glow—which may offend progressives and realists but is not altogether surprising when one considers the general picture the world presents today. In the course of his writings Sir Winston Churchill has described those July days before the first war, when nations and empires were lapped in the accumulated treasures of long peace and the old world in its sunset was fair to see. Others too have written of them; but for many who were emerging into manhood at that time memories centre not so much on the movement of public events or the manoeuvrings of principalities and powers as on the setting of some particular scene—the school speech day perhaps, with parents strolling about the lawns, the ground seemingly as firm beneath their feet as it had ever been and the chief topic of conversation the holidays that lay ahead; or possibly the school camp which had to be broken up before its time (not a bad idea, this, some thought) because there was going to be a war. As July rolled on into August the excitement grew, nourished not only by official pronouncements but also by the wildest rumours (it was not long before a publican in Wales had it on good authority that London had been wiped out by 'them Zeppelins'). Men began to appear in the streets in uniform—a rare sight up till then—some of them wearing South African ribbons: bodies of troops were cheered on their way, irrespective of who they were or where they were going. If one or two elderly sober-sides shook their heads and declared that war was no joke, that it would cost a mint of money, and that it might well go on till Christmas, few among the young were infected by such gloomy thoughts. Patriotic feeling was intense: there was no thought but that England was invincible.

To recall something of that atmosphere and to remind ourselves that it prevailed in this country—and in other countries as well—only forty years ago is to point a contrast in the state of human affairs that few ages can equal. It is true that the enthusiasm was soon to be followed by disillusion and deep questioning, and the price that man has paid for his experience has fallen heavily on all of us. But the mood of the country in those early August days, if it was stern, was also very buoyant. This coming week-end we shall if we are lucky disport ourselves in holiday mood and it is well that we should do so. Yet it will not come amiss if in the course of it we spare a thought for that other week-end, forty years ago, and for the young men and women who, for all their fervour and innocent optimism, were to show in the terrible years that followed that they knew how to do their duty and to remain steadfast to the last.

THREE DAYS AFTER the agreement reached at Geneva on Indo-China, Moscow radio broadcast the text of a Soviet Note to the three Western Powers suggesting a conference on European security. The Note was preceded by a spate of propaganda from Moscow and the satellite states, to the effect that Geneva had proved the success of the policy of 'negotiation' and the failure of the American 'policy of strength', and that therefore the problems of Europe could now be tackled in the same spirit. This propaganda was accompanied by bitter attacks on American policy which, it was said, attempted until the last to prevent the Geneva agreement, and which remained 'the only obstacle to genuine peace in the world'.

A 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna went so far as to claim that the Geneva Conference, 'the most successful conference since the war', had taken place 'almost without and even against America'. Although the main credit for achieving agreement at Geneva was given to Russia, China, and the Viet-Minh, communist broadcasts also paid tribute to the part played by Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France, who 'resisted the pressure and attempted blackmail of United States diplomacy'. A Czechoslovak broadcast spoke of 'the new positive attitude of British and French diplomacy', and went on:

Whereas in Berlin, the French and British had formed a block with the United States, at Geneva they broke away from Washington's extremist and negative attitude and thus made it possible to reach an honourable compromise between east and west. . . . The real loser at Geneva is Dulles and the policy of force.

A Moscow broadcast quoting *Pravda* called for a reopening of the Korean talks, an end of the 'notorious cold war pursued by United States diplomacy' and 'the restoration of normal relations between all peoples'. Geneva had cleared the way for a settlement of outstanding problems in Asia and Europe, and the U.S.S.R.'s prestige had never stood higher than today. Broadcasts from east Germany stressed that if representatives of both parts of Indo-China had negotiated at the same conference table, there was 'no longer any valid argument against all Germans at one table'. Broadcasts from China, in addition to describing Geneva as 'a historic landmark on the road towards peaceful settlement of international disputes', added:

A new era in which the Asian nations will play an important part in international affairs has begun.

The Soviet Note calling for a conference on European security suggested that China should be asked to send an observer.

Much was said from Moscow and other parts of the communist world about the virtues of 'peaceful coexistence'. A broadcast reviewing a book by Kozlov on the 'bourgeois' and 'socialist' nations stated, *inter alia*:

The chief enemy of all the nations and peoples of the world at present is American imperialism. The United States imperialists claim to be a super-race and aim to establish their dominion over the world. They are plotting to drive mankind into a new and bloody war. Never before has any of the capitalist countries oppressed such a large number of nations as does the U.S.A. today. . . . The bourgeois nations (such as Britain and France) originated with capitalism and will disappear with it. . . . A truly brotherly collaboration between the socialist nations of the whole world will be established. But the socialist nations are also not eternal. Under communism mankind will reach a point when national distinctions and national languages will disappear and a complete fusion of nations will take place.

Western commentators were quick to see in the Soviet Note a clear intention to delay ratification of E.D.C. and recalled that when the Soviet plan for European security was first put forward the Western Powers found it unacceptable and designed to undermine western defence. The consensus of opinion of commentators in the free world in regard to the Geneva agreement was that it was no cause for jubilation, since communism had clearly won a big victory in Indo-China, but that it represented the best that could be hoped for in the circumstances and was to be welcomed as having averted the danger of a major war. Tributes from many countries were paid to Mr. Eden and to M. Mendès-France, and much of the French press—which expressed profound relief that the war was over—hailed the new Prime Minister as having proved himself a man of courage and authority. French newspapers were quoted as describing the agreement as 'a painful but inevitable solution to a situation which had become hopeless'.

Did You Hear That?

CENTENARY OF A MUSEUM

IT IS THE CENTENARY YEAR of the Royal Scottish Museum. MAURICE LINDSAY spoke about the Museum in 'Radio Newsreel'. 'The original idea behind the Royal Scottish Museum, which, however, did not assume that name until 1904, was that it would be a museum of the world's industry, in special relation to Scotland. It was to house exhibitions of raw materials, tools, machine and finished products, and to be equipped with a laboratory where materials could be analysed and tested, a workshop, and a library of industrial literature. Within ten years of the foundation of the Industrial Museum of Scotland, as it was then called, it had come under the same joint control as the National History Museum of Edinburgh, which was then situated in the nearby Old College. This soon led to amalgamation and to an extension of its functions, as well as to further expansions, which so widened the scope of its work as to make essential the change of name to what it is at present. Now it covers not only industry and natural history, but geology, art, excluding pictures, and ethnography: evidence of the kinds of lives led by many races, and of the changes these races have from time to time undergone.

'The Museum building has, of course, been several times extended since 1854, and further extensions are planned to provide a lecture theatre and to house special displays and further shipping exhibits. But the original building still stands; its Great Hall, one of the architectural sights of Edinburgh, whether the beholder regards it as a period piece of Victorian bad taste—

to quote one recent writer—or as work which reflects very strongly, but withal charmingly, the architecture of the Crystal Palace period—to quote another—depends, I suppose, on personal taste. Today, the museum's functions are mainly educational. It comes under the Department of Education for Scotland. Its customers are of three sorts: the specialists, connoisseurs, visiting professors, authors, and the like whose number is small but whose interest is exacting; the general public; and the school-children of Edinburgh who are taken to this and to the city's other galleries and museums in organised parties by Schools Museums Officers, also employed by the Department of Education.

'To mark its centenary the Royal Scottish Museum has published a book recounting its history. And it has also organised from its rich and varied collections an exhibition of 100 masterpieces, one for each year of its life. This exhibition is to remain open for some weeks, and will still be on view during the forthcoming Edinburgh Festival'.

REFLECTIONS ON SHIFT WORK

'Shift workers', said W. JOHN MORGAN in a Welsh Home Service talk, 'are not simply curious social phenomena, robots on the production belt. They also eat, sleep, breathe, observe, have likes and dislikes, are affected by things around them. Even at work, work is sometimes the last thing they think about. And because they are human, and subject to all personality's fits and starts, it is inevitable that some of them like shift work.

'What attracts some people about shift work are apparently contradictory features: the isolation and the camaraderie. The shift worker is

on his own, and he is in a team. They are apart from the normal operation of society, but also belong to a society within the social order, the society of their own shift.

'People do exist who do not mind getting out of bed at half-past four in the morning, who are not unhappy waiting at a bus stop in the damp, winter darkness or under a pale, spring sky or the hazy, summer sun, who do not mind that conversation is rarely more than a rheumy expectoration and a grunt. Usually these men who do not mind are looking ahead, are thinking that when the great mass of the nation is heaving itself out of bed, the morning shift worker has already done two hours' work, is on the point of breakfast—tea out of a can, perhaps, or in a slick canteen.

'When the great mass of the nation is returning to work after lunch, the shift worker is on his way home. He feels, if the day is fine, superior. Travelling in his closed and private bus, he is the man apart:

his comings and goings are not those of men who follow the natural day. We are the men, he perhaps thinks, in the front line, the men who make all the other work possible: the fact of the shift work itself, the fact of simple time becomes a matter of pride.

'There are also men in whose faces morning shift, lasting too long, etches curiously angled lines of fatigue, lines that have no origin in conventional facial gestures, who each day summon up fresh resolution to get out of bed, and who, once home again, nap their afternoons away.

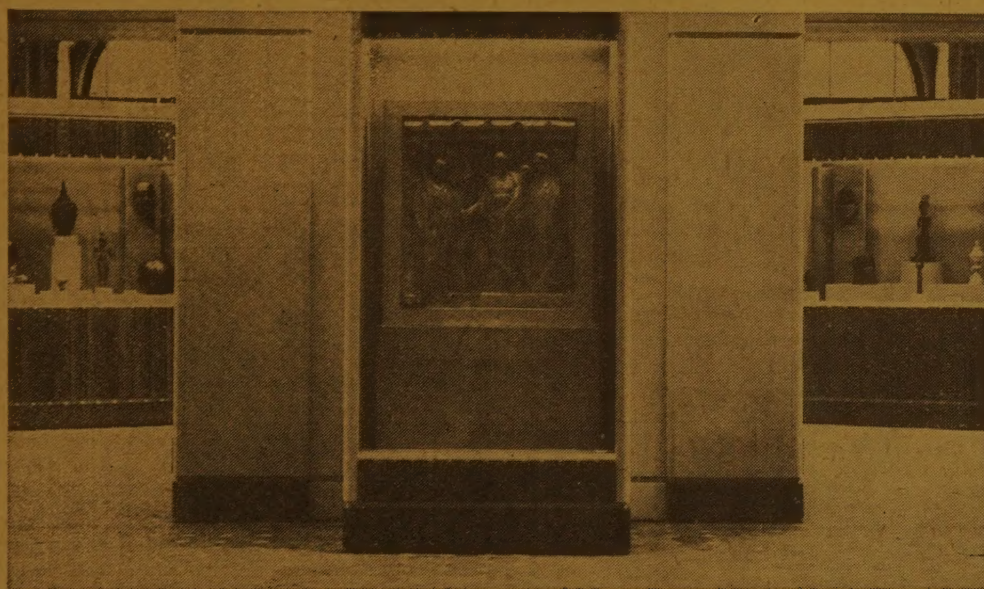
'Afternoon shift is physiotherapy. It is the middle shift, restoring

the tissues of the morning, building up reserves for the night. It is, as they say, the married man's shift. There is also time for sleep, a little gardening, a stroll down the road, early lunch. Afternoon shift is also the greatest dislocator. It is the shift which prompts statements like: "Shift work has been the ruin of Wales", "Shift work keeps the people down". What chance, people ask, have we for social life, if, for one week in three, we are cut off, unable to attend meetings, rehearse plays, practise on the football field, meet our girls? Most shift workers have a vision of a life without shifts, a regular day-life, so that, again, time itself incorporates a whole way of life. This vision is not without importance in forming attitudes to social matters.

'But of all shifts, night shift is the test of the shift loving man. Then he is most isolated, most dependent on camaraderie, needing the new joke, the old controversies, talk about sport and money, politics and women, anything. The metabolism runs low. "In the dark night of the soul", wrote Scott Fitzgerald, "it is always three o'clock in the morning". Three o'clock in the morning is equally the dark night of the shift worker's soul and body. Most people make no show of liking night-shift. They may not mind mornings so much; afternoons can be tolerated. For the night-shift a good word is as rare as gold'.

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

'When I was ten', related RENÉ CUTFORTH in a Light Programme talk, 'I was a vague ugly boy at a preparatory school in Leicestershire. It was rather a snobbish school in the old-fashioned way—we were



Some of the masterpieces in the centenary exhibition of the Royal Scottish Museum, Edinburgh. In the centre case is part of a marble votive relief showing Artemis and two other figures: from Cyrene, fourth century, B.C.

expected to take a deep and passionate interest in horses and be keen about the meets of the local fox-hounds. It mattered a good deal in what sort of car your parents came down for half-term.

'It was fiercely old-fashioned in other ways, too. You had to do a solid hour's Latin before breakfast every morning, for instance, and the school itself was a perfect example of the English country house in the grand style, entirely self-contained, with its huge blocks of stables, a brass clock on top of them, its own little gothic church, and its tiny hamlet of cottages in the grounds.

'But there was another aspect. Old Kip, our headmaster, had several bees in his bonnet about what he called "moral responsibility". He would summon the whole school into hall and make a speech. "It has come to my ears that there are boys in the school who have not written to their parents for some weeks. As you know, I never interfere. Writing home to parents is a boy's own moral responsibility. But if a further example comes to my ears, I shall name the boy and leave him to the disapproval of his fellows".

'Old Kip forcibly enrolled us all in the Boy Scouts and, after that, what had been minor crimes became all at once mortal sins. Orgies of moral responsibility went on in the dorms where patrol leaders solemnly poured cold water down the sleeves of boys who, in loose moments, had said "damn" or "bum". But there were times when the disapproval of one's fellows was a serious business.

'There had been an occasion about two terms before when one of the housemasters had died, and a boy called Plant had incautiously said that far from being damped by this event he saw it as a happy release. A monstrous version of this sinful remark reached Old Kip a few days later and he summoned the school. It had come to his ears, he said, "that there was in the school a boy so lost to moral shame, that even death itself, etc., etc."

A very eloquent piece, and finally: "I will name the boy. His name is Plant, and I leave him to the disapproval of his fellows".

'Old Kip then swept out, and a howling mob trundled the victim over to the stables where a supply of dried orange peel was kept for such occasions. This was ceremonially ignited with matches and when properly smouldering, stuffed down the back of his shirt. This usually used to make him run screaming round the grounds in circles with the whole mob after him armed with thin switches specially cut for the job. To mark the end of the afternoon's sport the victim was thrown in the pond.

'This ceremony was known as a "mobbing" and few ever fully recovered from it. Plant, for instance, spent the rest of his school life as a gibbering incompetent, skulking in the changing rooms or weeping into the overcoats in the cloakroom passage'.

A FREE HAND FOR THE CHEF

'The name he had been given at birth', related MICHAEL TAAFFE in a Home Service talk, 'was unpronounceable, so he was called, officially, Kibwana—which can be translated as "The Little Master". His father was a Masai and his mother came from Arusha, in northern Tanganyika, so he was a hybrid. He had a narrow head, an imperious, hooked nose and his lean body, seemingly frail, concealed the physical endurance of a buffalo. He had a deep-rooted and ill-concealed contempt for all Africans who were not of his own blood. When he first came to work for me as cook I was twenty-five years old. When we parted finally I was twice that age. How old Kibwana was, at any time during those twenty-five years, I'm unable to say, for his appearance stayed the same throughout.

'On Kibwana's first day in the kitchen I was unwise enough to ask the new Provincial Commissioner to dinner. He was reputed to be a bit of a martinet, with no sense of humour. Kibwana wanted to

know what he was to cook. I don't know what came over me, but I remember saying airily, "Oh, I leave that to you. Cook whatever dishes you can do best. It's your affair". He retired to the kitchen without comment.

'Dinner that evening was a meal I suspect the Provincial Governor will not forget. We had our drinks and went out to the verandah, where the table was laid.

'The first course was some rather good groundnut soup. This was succeeded by fried fish and green peas. "Good cook you've got" said the P.C. appreciatively, accepting a glass of wine. The fish plates were removed and Juma, the houseboy, returned with a self-conscious look, bearing two plates of tomato soup. "What's this?" I demanded. "It is the affair of the new cook", said Juma hastily. "He says this soup comes next . . . but there is more food to follow", he added reassuringly.

'I looked at the Provincial Commissioner. "I'm awfully sorry, Sir".

"Wait a minute", he interrupted. "What did you order?"

"I'm afraid I didn't order anything", I confessed. "I left it to the cook. He's new".

"Well, let's leave it to him, shall we?" said the P.C. with a grin, picking up a spoon.

'I determined to correct, at the earliest opportunity, the calumny regarding the P.C.'s lack of a sense of humour, and I attacked the tomato soup gratefully.

'The next course was bacon and eggs. This was followed by a steam pudding with chocolate sauce, succeeded in its turn by minced chicken. When the plates were removed, Juma appeared with a leg of mutton, flanked by roast potatoes. As he placed this before me, he murmured, "He says the curry will be ready in a moment. The kitchen-boy has only now arrived from the town with the bad fish". (He meant Bombay Duck.) "Now I go to fetch the boiled cabbage", and he vanished.

'We ploughed onwards steadily, if more slowly. The watchful dogs beneath the table had a wonderful time. Rice pudding was followed by a cheese *soufflé* of feathery lightness, which gave place to a dish of goat chops. As course succeeded course, the interval between each became longer. This was not, I think, the fault of the indefatigable Kibwana, but was due, simply, to a lack of plates. Clattering noises from the kitchen suggested hurried cleaning operations, while a mounting buzz of excited conversation showed that Kibwana's prodigious hospitality had gone to everyone's head.

'We got through kidneys on toast, but when an out-sized helping of toad-in-the-hole, proudly borne by Juma, was placed before the P.C., he pushed back his chair. "I don't think I can stand any more", he said weakly. "How *d'you* feel?"

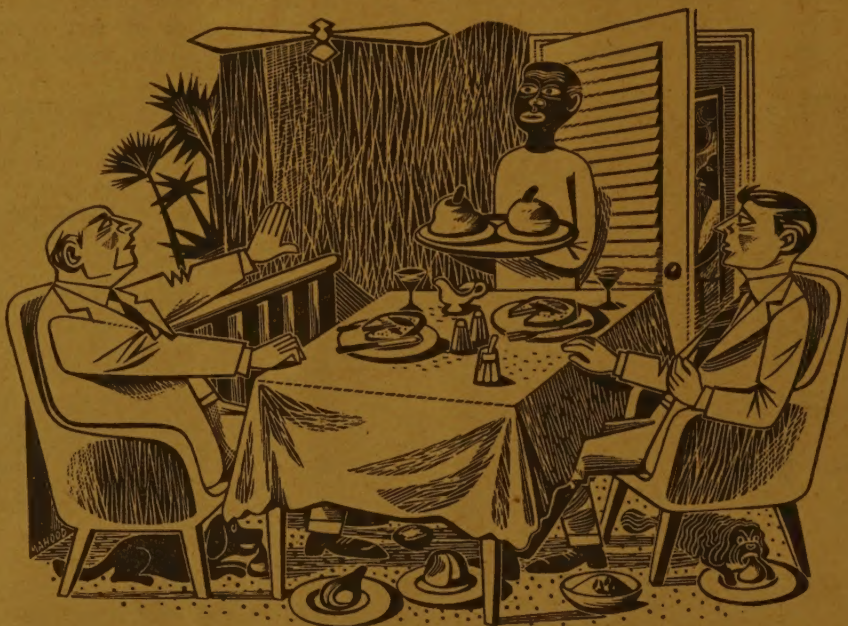
'Together we staggered from the table. "There is another kind of soup ready, *bwana*", said Juma anxiously, but we brushed him aside. In the sitting-room we found coffee bubbling in its glass retort and beside it, a plate of sweet biscuits. "Presumably, in case we might feel undernourished", muttered the P.C., collapsing on the sofa.

"It was your wish for me to cook what I can cook best", said Kibwana at the post-mortem next morning. "And all those things I can cook equally well. Besides, the Provincial Commissioner is an important man. I have committed a fault?"

"No! No!" I said hastily. "But perhaps next time we shall, together, make a plan for the food. What do you think?"

'He grunted non-committally.

'Towards the end of my service, we were stationed on the Coast. Somewhat to my surprise, Kibwana seemed to enjoy town life. He liked shopping, and bargained fiercely in the market. He took to wearing a red fez and carrying an umbrella, and was often to be seen in the coffee-shops, discussing current affairs with other cooks'.



'I don't think I can stand any more'

'By Man Came Death'

The first of two talks on the hydrogen bomb, by SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD

IT is now high summer. I, who stand on the threshold of old age, have been watching children at play on a wide western sand. From 1914 to 1918, from 1939 to 1945, during the first and second world wars, many thousands of the strongest and ablest young men of this kingdom gave their lives in order to maintain the conditions of freedom for those who would come after them, for the children whom I now see. I think with sadness and gratitude of so great a sacrifice and I ask, with foreboding, what have we done—what gifts have we, the survivors of two great wars, brought to the youngest generation?

Man's Use of Knowledge

We have talked of 'man's right to knowledge' and, I repeat, what have we *done*? We have used our knowledge collectively to devise instruments whereby our western civilisation could be destroyed.

Death . . . that earth doth purge
Of her plethora of man; Death, that doth flush
The cumbered gutters of humanity;
Nothing, of nothing king . . .

This is the gift we have brought, after so much sacrifice. What are we to do now about this gift? Alas, neither I nor wiser men than I can have any certain answer. All we can do is to begin by suggesting a few headings for thought and by clearing away certain easy, comfortable answers which are, in fact, no answers.

First, what is the problem brought by these instruments of destruction? The problem may well become one of total survival; we may acquire the dreadful power of destroying the human race. In the words of the poem I have quoted—a curiously prophetic poem by Francis Thompson, written in the early years of this century—

Man's superfluous cloud shall soon be laid
In a little blood.

That final, suicidal act may be, sooner than we reckon, within our power. At present, so we are told, the problem has not reached this dimension, but it is appalling enough. We can destroy great cities, and the destruction would reach out into the green fields on their outskirts. What does this mean? Here we must remember, setting aside for the moment all thoughts of pity, that the loss of life would not be the most serious consequence that our western societies would have to face. The pestilence which reached Europe from the Far East not so many centuries ago—Durham Cathedral was already an old building when the so-called Black Death ravaged England—caused greater loss of life proportionate to the numbers of the population than we might suffer from the destruction of half of London in a single hideous fraction of a second.

The problem for us, in the coldest terms, is not so much the blotting out of human lives as the utter disorganisation and disarray which would follow the destruction of things. Our civilisation is no longer based on loosely connected groups of peasants working in the fields, but on intricately bound urban communities dependent for their food, their health, their livelihood on a closely knit organisation of transport, credit, and economic machinery. The shock to this elaborate structure from the obliteration even of one great capital city, with its centralised records, would reverberate throughout the civilised world. The threads of the loom would snap. The destruction of New York would affect the whole of South America; the destruction of London, the whole of Africa; and the destruction of Moscow the whole of Asiatic Russia.

We have not yet recovered from the disorganisation caused by two world wars. Any further disorganisation—on a much larger scale—would certainly destroy us. Moreover, the concentration of skilled intelligence and political experience in western Europe and North America is still such that we cannot be sure that the survival of the apparatus of civilisation elsewhere would be sufficient to bring about recovery. Western civilisation, when it came near to vanishing in the Dark Ages, did not die suddenly; it collapsed as a waterlogged ship slowly sinks. This is what would happen to us; some people, indeed, fear that it is already happening. The hatred and disorder and displace-

ment after an atomic war would be too deep, too widespread, for recovery.

Such is the problem. How can we prevent these things from happening? In the first place, let us avoid two kinds of defeatism amounting to high treason to all our past. We must not just wring our hands and say that there is nothing to be done. Human beings have solved problems which in their time must have seemed as difficult. In our own country, and, again, not so long ago on the time-scale of history, our English ancestors coming to this island from across the sea had to re-establish and almost to re-invent a system of public law and order. Where should we be now if, for example, a man like King Alfred had merely sat in a hut above Sedgemoor and cursed the age into which he had been born?

On the other hand we must not say: 'Well, what does it matter? Our machines, our anonymous suburban streets are a burden to us. We can do without the synthetic artificialities of our unsatisfying age, and go back to the life of the fields, producing for our own needs, our local markets, returning again to the ways of our ancestors centuries ago. The world is young; there is still spring, and we can make a new start'. This wishful dream is nonsense. We cannot give up our machines and our ledgers. There are too many of us. We need too many things. We should be falling back, not to an idyllic, cottage existence, but to a life which the English philosopher Thomas Hobbes described in the seventeenth century as 'solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short'.

Again we must not waste time in fretful and irrelevant anger that by greater prudence our problem might have been avoided. I heard recently a bitter indictment of the pursuit of scientific knowledge 'detached from all considerations of purpose, value, or practical application'. This detachment, which has never been absolute—for example, in medicine or in navigation—goes back at least to the seventeenth century. We cannot undo what our ancestors have done. They had indeed good reason in their own day for their action. Without this detachment, without such concentration on the single ends of observation and measurement, there would have been no scientific development—no antiseptic surgery, let us remember, as well as no atom bombs. We cannot even go back a dozen years. In the later stages of the second world war we were bound to concentrate so much intelligence, so many of our resources, on making the atom bomb, because we knew that the Germans were groping after similar contrivances and might anticipate us. Once the discoveries had been made, and the contrivances had been found to work, the secret of them could not have been kept for long. We had gone so far that we could not safely draw back. Do we really think that Stalin would have drawn back, even if we had done so?

Regression Away from Law and Reason

We must not delude ourselves into thinking that—having eaten this dangerous fruit of the tree of knowledge—human beings will suddenly grow politically wiser, and morally more responsible. Maybe they will do so after many centuries, but they learn very slowly, especially in matters affecting whole communities, and by a process of trial and error which we cannot now afford. I am a historian; while other people work in the present and for the future, I am left free to look back over the past. What do I see? In the near background I see the nineteenth century in Europe as an almost incredible interlude, local in space, short in time, in which—notwithstanding great defects including many wars—there was a remarkable extension of the rule of law and reason; freedom slowly broadening down; mathematics applied to things, and providing a revolution in production. Since the latter years of the nineteenth century—since my own childhood—I have observed a terrifying regression away from law, away from reason, away from restraint, away even from hope.

I have already said enough to show that I do not accept Gibbon's saying that history is 'little more than the register of the crimes, the follies, and misfortunes of mankind'. Nevertheless it is foolish to suppose that evil and unreason, by whatever name we call them,

do not exist, or can be conjured away by any tricks of mental healing or social medicine within our immediate power. The other day I read through the four Gospels quickly—as though I were reading a novel. The story which they tell, with its lovely pastoral beginning, its fearful climax—on the human side—in the Crucifixion, is terrifying because it could so easily be a story of our own time. People are much as they were 2,000 years ago. Panic, envy, lust of power, fanaticism, cruelty, stupidity; we have seen and can see all these things. It is unreal to suppose that the potential ferocity of man to man—taking the world as a whole—is much less than it was in Jerusalem 2,000 years ago; or that this potential ferocity can be tamed or cut out of human relations in our generation. I must add, too, that appeals for a religious revival are not an answer to our problem. I do not say that such appeals are without value, but we know that a religious revival cannot arise at our beck and call, and that from our island we cannot reach the whole world. In any case, religious revivals on a large scale have not always been pacific. We do not want a repetition of the early days of Islam, or, for that matter, a repetition of the Christian crusades.

Danger of Comfortable Words

If, then, we take human beings and human societies as they are, we can avoid another danger—the danger of soothing ourselves with comfortable words. Words, as Bacon said long ago, are wise men's counters but they are the money of fools. There is not the least use in securing a promise from all governments that they will destroy such atomic, or, if I may coin a word, 'post-atomic' bombs as they possess, and that they will guarantee not to acquire such instruments in the future. We could have secured a promise of this kind from Hitler. We did in fact obtain lavish promises from him—but to what use, except to blind us against his planned aggression? It is time we realised that pledges made between governments on any subject concerned with ultimate power are valueless if they have no sanctions. International law has been described as 'the measure of conscience of the stronger', but if the stronger has no conscience where is the law? Or, even worse, if the conscience of the stronger justifies his aggression as a crusade, or his disregard of promises as necessary in the higher interest of national safety or world revolution, where is the law?

There is, as a matter of political fact, no confidence now between the communist and non-communist states that any pledge with regard to the destruction of existing atomic, or, as I have called them, post-atomic, weapons would be carried out, or that any guarantee not to use or to manufacture these weapons would be observed—observed, that is to say, not only at the beginning of a war, but also at a point when a breach of the promise might be the sole and desperate hope, on one side or the other, of avoiding complete defeat. It is said that this promise or guarantee might be made secure at least in time of peace by a system of supervision. In time of war, obviously, supervision would be impossible; thus, in the event of a long war, one of the parties could work rapidly for the preparation of the forbidden weapons if it chose to do so, and thus have the law-abiding party at its mercy. With this prospect in view, who can doubt that both parties would wish to insure themselves, by secret preparations against so heavy a risk, and there would be a danger that each side would try to 'get in first'?

What, then, of supervision in peace time? There is no need of technical knowledge to conclude that an adequate scheme of supervision could not be put into operation for at least two years from this present time, and probably not for three or even four years. It may thus be impossible to be sure that a state which has already begun to accumulate these bombs has destroyed all of its stock. In present circumstances, will the United States accept the word of the Soviet Union or the Soviet Union that of the United States about such destruction? As for the future, I do not see much ground for believing that adequate supervision of manufacture is or will become politically feasible. Exchange of information between governments is a possibility but, again, it requires good faith. Furthermore, the point at which assurance will be most required is, as I have suggested, not whether a country is manufacturing bombs, but how quickly, and in what quantity it could make them if it should decide to do so. It is impracticable to keep a large permanent international inspectorate at work between Alaska and the Gulf of Mexico, and between Vladivostok and the Oder.

This problem is not a new one. It arose in a different form nearly fifty years ago when the Germans, without any breach of agreement, began to collect material—gun turrets, and so on—in advance for Dreadnoughts which they were about to lay down, and thereby to accelerate the rate of construction of these ships and the date at which

they could be used in war at sea. The discovery of this acceleration led to something like a panic in Great Britain. Similar discoveries—or suspicions—about preparation for the manufacture of hydrogen bombs would have similar, and very dangerous, results. In any case, the question of prohibiting the possession of a master-weapon has many practical difficulties. A nation might well try, without evading the prohibition, to make up for its renunciation by a larger accumulation of other weapons, or by ingenuity, such as the Germans showed in the construction of 'pocket-battleships' which kept to the letter of an agreement while in fact breaking it. We are not going to be much better off, from the point of view of preventing destruction on an irreparable scale, if we concentrate on the prohibition of post-atomic bombs and do not prevent the amassing of vast stocks of missiles like the V.2s of the last phase of the second world war, or if we turn the attention of potential aggressors to bacteriological warfare, where, probably, any system of inspection would be useless because the instruments required could be devised very rapidly on the actual outbreak of war.

Hence we are brought, not step by step, but at once, to the whole question of disarmament, or the limitation or reduction of armaments of all kinds. Past experience—as recent as the nineteen-thirties—of attempts to secure such limitation or reduction have not been encouraging. These attempts were made in circumstances when the good faith of at least one Power—Germany—was at first in doubt, and later obviously lacking; but, apart from the fact that the lack of good faith and co-operation in one strong Power can wreck the whole attempt, the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference showed how difficult it was to get agreement even among those Powers which were showing good will. Popular opinion in the nineteen-thirties tended to put the blame on the experts, the admirals or generals who gave advice, but these experts were doing no more than face the awkward facts, such as differences of size and location, natural resources, population, productive skill, or capacity for rapid rearmament, and a hundred other considerations which the politicians and the public tended to ignore—except, perhaps, with reference to their own respective countries.

Public opinion indeed tragically oversimplified the whole question of disarmament. The electorate in this country sometimes reverted to the mental confusion of the primitive codes under which an axe was tried for murder if it dropped from a tree and, in falling, killed a man. An axe, if it falls from a tree, may kill a man, but it is itself, one may say, neutral. Armaments of themselves are neutral, malevolently neutral, if you like, though one must remember that their possession may be a source of confidence; most people in most countries regard the national armaments of their state as an insurance against attack, and are particularly sensitive and suspicious over the demands of other states that they should abandon or even lower this insurance. It is probably better, in the long run, and especially at a time of international tension, to regard the question of disarmament as something secondary—a process which is certain to follow, but cannot precede, the removal of the fears of attack which cause nations to arm.

Two Deceptive Solutions

There are two other lines of solution of the problem which seem at first sight as grandiosely simple as general disarmament, and which are as deceptive and—to my mind—as dangerous. One of these solutions is unilateral disarmament. In practice, unilateral disarmament leads logically to non-resistance. It is practically absurd and morally wrong to think that there is some half-measure, some compromise open to us whereby we, and we alone, can contract out of post-atomic warfare, while still defending ourselves in other ways. Practically absurd, because a unilateral statement that we propose to have nothing to do with post-atomic weapons would merely expose our own vulnerability to them; anyone could use them against us without risk of retaliation. Morally wrong, because we have no right to ask our soldiers—though we have asked them more than once—to defend us from attack when we have refused to ensure that they are at least as well armed as their adversaries.

There is, then, I repeat, no logical, practical, or moral compromise between what I may call 'total preparedness' and 'non-resistance'. What, then, of non-resistance as a national policy? It is impossible here to discuss the issues of conscience raised by the doctrine of non-resistance, since they involve the deepest issues of moral philosophy. One may say in passing that, although the employment of weapons like the hydrogen bomb raises the moral issue in the sharpest form, it does not introduce, on the side of theory, any new factor. The particular issue raised is that of killing people, and especially non-

combatants, in war, but this matter is not one which can be decided by the numbers killed or by the simultaneity of their destruction. You cannot make it a decision of conscience that it is not a breach of the moral law to kill 10,000 non-combatants but that this action becomes a moral offence when the number reaches 10,001 or over. The case is the same if you are considering the killing of combatants. There were 1,000,000 casualties in the British Commonwealth and Empire during the first world war. These casualties were spread over four years. If they had occurred on one day, would the moral issue have been any different?

The argument that the hydrogen bomb is especially horrible because it is a 'blind', impersonal weapon hardly bears examination. The flight of arrows at Hastings which changed the course of English history was a 'blind flight'. Bayonet-fighting is personal, but it is no less horrible than a long-range artillery bombardment.

The Argument for Non-resistance

There is, indeed, a practical argument often brought forward to justify non-resistance—the argument that by acquiescence in the demands of superior force, superior force itself is shamed or anyhow will tire of its own excesses, and learn, if not mercy and justice, at least common sense. This is not, as such, a moral argument. Indeed, it may well involve acquiescence in the gravest crimes and injustice. In the last war it would have involved acquiescence not only in the hideous nazi policy of mass-murders of Jews in continental Europe, but almost certainly the extension of this persecution to the Jews in Great Britain.

In any case, however, the argument is non-proven. There is no evidence in history that evil-doers lose their wickedness merely through satiety and success. Tyrants are not shamed by the submissiveness of their victims. Time is not a purifying filter; the processes of history work in an opposite way, and 'the evil that men do lives after them'. There are no historical grounds for supposing that a policy of non-resistance, that is to say of passive acquiescence in evil, has ever saved a society from ultimate moral or material collapse. It is a historical error to suppose that the triumph of the Christian Church was due to non-resistance.

Be that as it may, however; the practical argument as far as we are concerned does not run on these lines. The main practical argument against a policy of non-resistance is that, for better or worse, a highly privileged society, such as our own or that of the United States, would be unwilling to maintain non-resistance when the consequences of maintaining it had become obvious to the ordinary man.

What are—for us, or for the United States—the practical, 'down to earth' consequences of a policy of collective or national 'non-resistance'? Once again, I am not thinking of a distant future. I am thinking of this year, 1954, and of the next ten years—perhaps the most dangerous decade through which human society may have to pass. Western Europe, North America, and, one should add, Australasia, are highly privileged areas. The standard of life in these areas is far higher than that of most of the world's inhabitants; the standard of political education is higher; so also are the standards of common sense and restraint. We are, however, deluding ourselves if we fail to realise that, ultimately, these standards are upheld by the possession of superior force. They are not themselves based on force, or on force alone, but they depend here and now for their continuance on the possession of superior force. Without it, we of western Europe and North America would be unable to stand against the rest of the world, as the Byzantine Empire—the highest civilisation of its day—failed to stand when it lost superior force. In the epilogue to the last volume of his *Economic History of Modern Britain*, the late Sir James Clapham wrote these words about plans of reformers in the inter-war period for a greater degree of economic equality in our domestic social system:

Behind all thought and discussion of such matters were—or should have been—the reflections that almost the least propertied of their fellow-countrymen was already a privileged member of the human race; that the talk of a world of plenty which needed only to be organised . . . was not yet relevant to a world some two-thirds of whose inhabitants had not, by western standards, decent clothing for their backs or plain food enough to eat; and that the privileged position of Britain, and indeed of the white races, though much less insecure than some pessimists maintained, was not quite certainly a part of the permanent divine order of things.

We shall, I say, be deluding ourselves if we do not realise that without the possession of superior force we shall be subjected to

demands from the areas outside our privileged civilisation—demands incompatible with the retention of our privileges. These demands will not necessarily be made with the intention of destroying us. The barbarians who penetrated into the western Roman Empire did not wish to destroy this Empire; they wanted, rather, to share in its privileges. What they did was to wreck the civilisation of the Empire—to lower its standards of life. Look at the plan of any large Roman villa in England—its dining room, its heating system, its bathroom, its civilised decoration—and compare it with, for example, the Tower of London, if you want visual evidence of the lowering of a standard of life. We talk contemptuously—perhaps too contemptuously—about the 'bread and circuses' of ancient Rome, but no one has suggested that the Anglo-Saxons had a 'welfare state'.

Now do we—or do those of us who advocate non-resistance—realise that its adoption as a national policy would mean asking our electorate to accept a very definite lowering of our standards of life by surrender to the demands made on us? Would a democratic electorate here or in the United States accept this lowering of standards when it became sharp, general, and obvious, or would it decide to use force in its defence? And once it decided to use force, there is no easy stopping-point. Is not the electorate more likely to reason that the only way of safety is the continued possession of vastly superior force? This does not imply the use of such force in the selfish maintenance of privilege. It is compatible with the common-sense judgement that the ultimate solution does not lie in the defence of privilege by force but in a general raising of standards. A general raising of standards, however, must be a slow process, slower than the politically inexperienced and economically ignorant majority of the unprivileged peoples of the world are able to comprehend.

Hence—again taking the world as it now is, and not as we would wish it to be—an attempt on the part of the government of a great democratic Power to adopt a policy of non-resistance is likely to be repudiated within no long time by its own people, with results even more dangerous than those which followed our own partial disarmament in the nineteen-thirties. If we do not adopt a policy of non-resistance, there is nothing for it but to arm ourselves against the most violent attack which we may have to meet. If we are strong, we shall have allies, and, as I hope to suggest in my next talk, we may be able to devise a way to deter an aggressor. Unilateral disarmament would encourage an aggressor, leave us without allies, and blast our civilisation as fatally as it might be blasted by direct and lightning destruction. If we are weak, there will soon be little freedom—or welfare—left for those children whom I have seen playing on a western sea-shore.

—Home Service

Where Stood Manor House

Twisting hand to hand, bricks
Which long lifted gables
Now stack the stark lorry;
And the labourers' tricks
Toss them finally square
That fingered on evening
And sheltered with echo
Man's sensitive care.

Whistled load to load, scraps
Of tune-drunken ballads
Proclaim the year's fashion
With these timely chaps.
But here was a room
Left apart for their music
That music had mirrored
From mother to tomb.

Ranking space to space, fine
Thrushes call morning
Where nettles are master
Where all was design.
Seasons three are a day
Since bricks made their rhythm;
In a shadowless setting
Some goldfinches play.

NORMAN PASSANT

Echo Sounding and Fishery Research

By D. H. CUSHING

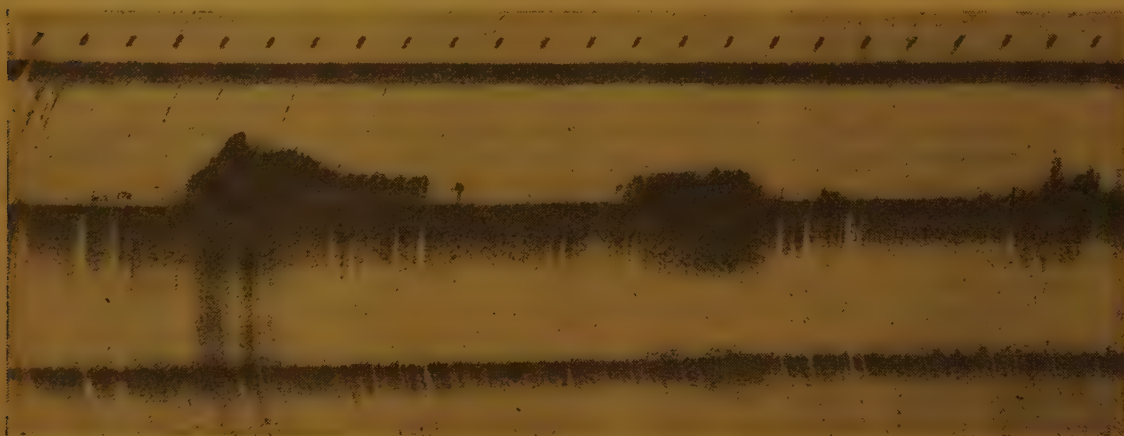
WHEREVER herring are caught in European waters, echo sounders are used to find them. Since 1945 nearly all the British herring fishermen have fitted echo sounders to their vessels, and every year in the autumn dense crowds of large trawlers from Germany, Holland, Belgium, and France use these echo sounders to find large herring shoals on the Dogger Bank and in the Straits of Dover; I have seen as many as 100 ships, so close together that we could throw a rope to two at once.

This is echo fishing at its height. But it is only eight years since an echo sounder was primarily considered as an instrument for measuring depth, the depth of the ocean floor. This is done by sending an ultrasonic wave from the sounder in the ship straight down into the sea. A few milliseconds later, its echo is returned from the sea-bed, and by measuring the interval between transmission and reception, the depth of the sea can be worked out accurately. The machine sends out a signal every second and a profile of the sea-bed is recorded on paper; in this way, banks and channels are located in shallow water, and in the deep ocean, trenches and underwater mountain ranges have been, and indeed are now being, discovered.

Besides drawing a profile of the sea-bed, the machine also represents the sea surface by a line on the paper made by the outgoing signal. Sometimes, between this trace of the sea surface and the profile of the sea-bed, traces caused by fish appear. They lie at different depths on



Taking a reading from an echo sounder, on board a trawler



Traces of horse-mackerel off the Eddystone, as shown on the echo chart. At the top of the photograph are transmission dots. The dark line below is the sea's surface. Next is the sea-bed, with dark patches indicating the presence of horse-mackerel. The line beneath the sea-bed is the second echo from the sea-bed after reflection from the surface

the record and may look like spots, like plumes rising from the bottom, or like comets climbing towards the surface; larger fish traces may appear as extensive layers at one depth, or as thick lumps on the ocean floor.

In fishery research, the echo sounder gives us information about the position of fish shoals and about their size. It tells us about their depth and how they change in character under different conditions. Perhaps one of its most important uses in pelagic fishery research is in surveying the distribution of fish over wide areas. For example, in June 1949, with the R.V. *Sir Lancelot*, we surveyed the English Channel, charting the distribution of pilchard eggs, caught with plankton nets at stations twenty miles apart. During the cruise, the echo sounder was run all the time, and when we found many pilchard eggs, the echo sounder recorded many fish traces. So it seemed reasonable to think that the fish traces recorded were probably mostly pilchards. The number of fish traces between each plankton station was recorded on a chart, which then showed the probable distribution of pilchards in the Channel.

If echo surveys are used on a number of successive

cruises we can learn something of the directions in which the fish are migrating. It was shown in this way that during the summer, pilchards move in large shoals up-Channel from Plymouth to Dover; again, we have shown that, in the early autumn, herring move off the south-west patch of the Dogger Bank to travel straight south to reach the Norfolk Banks by early October.

A large number of echo surveys have now been made. On each survey the cause of fish traces over the area had to be identified by some other method, such as using the distribution of pilchard eggs, or the distribution of drifter landings. As yet fish traces cannot be identified with certainty as belonging to separate species; for



'Plume' traces of herring near the East Goodwin light-vessel. These are shown by the dark vertical traces in the top right-hand corner, on the sea-bed. The two lines parallel with the sea-bed are second and third echoes

example, sprats in the southern Bight in February nearly always give comet-like traces, but the same comet-like appearance is also characteristic of young herring off the Dutch coast, perch in the Bavarian lakes, and capelin off the Grand Banks. The comet-like traces are produced by a shoal of fish that is considerably smaller than the cone of sound sent out by the sounder and are merely an effect of the size of shoal. In the daytime, herring shoals give plume-like traces near the bottom; as darkness falls, the shoals rise, forming comet traces, and in full darkness, near the surface, the fish may give a layer trace. We see that these three characters, the plume, the comet, and layer, can be caused by the same fish shoal rising to the surface and occupying more and more of the sound-cone as they climb. It is for this reason that independent methods of identification have to be used on widespread surveys.

Identifying Shoals of Fish

Much of our research work, then, is concerned with the identification of traces, either by pursuing the rigours of proper and adequate identification at sea, or by devising new means to that end ashore. In the last two years, we have been using a triple frequency echo sounder from our research vessels: ultrasonic waves of three frequencies are transmitted in quick succession, on identified fish shoals. So far, we have worked on cod, herring, and a shoal that was possibly whiting, and have found that the strengths of signals returned on the three frequencies varied according to the size of the fish. We have also found that signals from large fish, of which there are few in a shoal, are much more variable than signals from small fish, of which there are many in a shoal. We hope that, with the use of these two discoveries, we may be able to go some way towards identifying fish shoals with our echo sounders.

However, not all the traces we have recorded are fish traces; some are produced by plankton. Plankton is the name given to organisms that drift with currents; it includes the microscopic plants that grow in the upper sunlit layers of the sea and also the many classes of animals that climb at night from deeper waters to feed upon these plants. Plankton is much more abundant than fish, so, at first sight, one might expect echoes from plankton; but fish are larger, are packed in dense shoals, and also they often have air bladders. The latter are most important because an air bubble in water is an almost perfect reflecting surface for sound waves. We have found that the fish's air bladder which takes up about a twentieth part of the volume of the fish is responsible for about half the signal returned to the echo sounder; again, fish without air bladders, like mackerel, give rather pale traces compared with the dark ones from herring and pilchards. As plankton organisms have no air bladders and are very small compared with fish, we would expect that echoes from plankton would normally be weak.

In shallow water, many extensive layers have been described, which are possibly due to plankton; they are called scattering layers, because the sound is supposed to be scattered in all directions by small objects. A large object, like a wreck in shallow water, reflects much of the sound energy back to the receiver; but if the energy is scattered in all directions by very small objects, only a small proportion of the energy is returned to the receiver. From Lowestoft, we have found such scattering layers in the North Sea, the Barents Sea, and in the English Channel. They are rather thick, very diffuse, and may extend for more than twenty miles along the ship's track. Like the plankton animals, they migrate up to the surface at night. Such a layer was first found in the summer of 1950. It extended from Plymouth to the Scilly Isles, and by hauling nets both in and out of the layer it was identified as being composed of pilchard larvae, each about half an inch in length. At this size, the larvae are planktonic and they have just acquired relatively large air bladders. Similar layers have been found in the North Sea, associated with the larvae of herring and gobies.

There is another type of echo layer, which is sometimes found at the depth of a sharp temperature break, or thermocline. This thin but extensive echo layer has been recorded in the North Sea, in Windermere, in the Barents Sea, and in the Southern Ocean. In Windermere, we found that when the temperature discontinuity was sharp, we got no echo and that the echo layer appeared only when the temperature discontinuity became less abrupt. So clearly the echo did not come from the thermocline. At the same time, we noticed that there were many plankton animals at the depth of the thermocline when we got an echo, and that there were only a few when we did not. So the echo layer might have been a layer of animals. But patches of plankton animals are not likely, of themselves, to have the sharp edges

necessary to send signals back to the echo sounder. However, a frogman found the thermocline himself by feeling it across his arm, and he could also see it. He described it as resembling a cloud base, and that above it hung masses of green 'sedimentation' (or plants), interspersed with animals which looked like cigarette ash. It seems that the sharp temperature barrier prevented the animals from moving down, as they wanted to in the bright sun, and that, as a result, they were packed up, giving a sharp edge at the thermocline. It was this edge that gave the echo.

Apart from these two types of layer—the scattering layer and the thin echo layer at the thermocline—we did not think until recently that we had found any other echo from plankton. But, last May, I was testing two types of gear off the Northumberland coast. The first was a horizontal echo sounder which transmitted on the beam; that is, sideways from the ship. The records from the horizontal echo sounder look just like those from the ordinary machine, except that the sea-bed is absent and fish traces appear at so many fathoms' distance away, instead of at so many fathoms' depth. The second type of gear was a metal plankton net, about seven feet long and two feet wide at the mouth. This 'tin tow net', as we call it, was being towed at full speed to catch krill and fish larvae. It was riding just beneath the surface. The sea was flat and calm and there was a full moon.

We were working stations every fifteen miles, and at two of them I caught a large number of adult krill; at the same time, a rather peculiar trace appeared on the horizontal echo sounder. The trace was rather like a vague smudge over the first forty fathoms on the record, and indeed it looked as if it might be the result of background 'noise' in the echo sounder—'noise' comparable to the background in a telephone receiver, or the mush on a radar tube. This 'noise' will blacken the record all over if the amplifier is turned up too far. It may be caused by bad weather or by a heavy trawl being towed along the bottom, and so on. When I turned up the amplifier on this trace of krill at the surface it increased in extent. I knew from experience that if I turned up the amplifier on a fish trace it would become darker, but it would not increase its apparent depth.

This effect is not confined to the North Sea. We found it in Windermere too. When we were working there, the lake was still and calm. In the daytime our records were normally clean, and when we turned up the amplifier nothing happened till the whole record suddenly went completely black. At night, however, when the amplifier was turned up, a tenuous shadow first appeared and we associate this thin shadow with the presence of plankton animals that had migrated to the surface at night from a daytime depth of thirty metres. That makes three types of plankton trace: first, the diffuse scattering layer produced by fish larvae; second, the thin trace of plankton animals at a thermocline; and, third, the 'noisy' trace of krill at the surface in the moonlight. Plankton is present in all oceans, and, if anything, the 'noisy' trace should be considered as the typical one. It will rarely be recorded, because we have only seen it when the plankton is unusually dense.

The 'Deep Scattering Layer'

The object of this somewhat laborious work on plankton traces has been to find the smallest organisms we can detect on ordinary echo sounders: in other words, to confirm our belief that most of the traces we find (with the three exceptions I have described) are fish traces. In the deep ocean there is, however, a fourth trace, the 'deep scattering layer', which has been attributed to the presence of krill. It is present in all the oceans; it is about 100 fathoms thick and it extends over hundreds of miles. During the daytime, like the layers of pilchard larvae, it stays in deep water but at night it climbs to the surface. The deep scattering layer has not been properly identified, because observation is much harder in deep water than in shallow, if only because it takes much longer and calls for a much more expensive ship from which to operate. What evidence there is suggests that the responsible organisms are krill, squid, or fish, and the balance of evidence is in favour of fish. But what it is composed of is less important than the fact that it must consist of a large number of living organisms; in fact, a recent American estimate puts the signal received from the deep scattering layer in the Pacific as being equivalent to twenty krill in each cubic metre, which is very high indeed, especially if it should really be counted as weight of fish.

One of the most interesting points about the deep scattering layer is that it extends right across the Sargasso Sea, which is supposed to be an oceanic desert. I do not know whether signals from the Sargasso layer have been measured, but that is less important than the fact

that the layer exists there. In fishery research one of our jobs is to understand the productivity of the sea; the presence of a deep scattering layer in the Sargasso Sea, the so-called oceanic desert, suggests that our understanding is still far from complete.

Although the echo sounder is used directly for echo surveying and for studying behaviour, much of our work in other directions has so

far been devoted to exploring its capabilities. Research with echo sounders in the future may lead to the precise identification and counting of fish in their shoals. It will certainly lead to knowledge of the deep scattering layer—a large problem but one perhaps worth attacking, because it will tell us whether the deep oceans are poor in organic material, as traditionally asserted, or whether the opposite is true.

—Third Programme

Law in Action

Trespassing Children

By DENNIS LLOYD

IN the case of *Edwards v. Railway Executive*, recently before the House of Lords, a claim was brought against the Railway Executive by a little boy aged nine who had been run over by a train. The railway line was at the foot of an embankment adjacent to a recreation ground and between the two the company had erected a fence. Over a period of years children had been accustomed to break through the fence, but whenever it was discovered that the fence had been broken it was repaired by the company. On the occasion in question, the boy, going after a ball, got through an opening in the fence and then slipped and fell on to the line. He was struck by a train, and suffered severe injuries resulting in the loss of an arm. In an action against the railway a jury awarded the child £6,000 damages. This verdict was reversed by the Court of Appeal on the ground that the child was a trespasser on the railway track and the decision of the Court of Appeal was later upheld by the House of Lords.

Frequent Accidents

The facts of such a case as this are melancholy enough but unhappily far from exceptional. In our complicated and mechanised society accidents have attained enormous frequency, many of them involving young children. When such an accident occurs and a little child is maimed for life the question inevitably arises whether the law is just which confers on him no right to any compensation whatsoever. For the present purpose it is necessary to say a few words about the position of a trespasser under our law.

It is hardly surprising that the law has not shown itself very ready to confer rights upon a mere trespasser. English law has always displayed a good deal of tenderness towards the ownership or occupation of land and a person who comes upon another's land as a mere wrongdoer can scarcely expect to receive more consideration from the law than from the owner whose property he has invaded. Nor does the law distinguish for this purpose between the various kinds of trespassers, who may range from Bill Sikes breaking and entering with burglarious intent to a harmless hiker who unwittingly wanders from a path across private land believing it to be an open common. In all such cases the trespasser is regarded as a mere wrongdoer who comes upon the land at his own peril and to whom no duty is owed by the owner to see that his premises are safe or to warn him as to any dangers. The beggar who is bitten by a fierce dog has no more remedy than the burglar who breaks his leg in falling over a displaced stair-rod.

This does not however mean that a landowner is necessarily entitled to inflict intentional harm on a trespasser merely because he is a wrongdoer. The owner is entitled to take reasonable measures to protect his property even to the extent of erecting a barbed wire fence round his land or of keeping a fierce dog to deter intruders, but he is not justified in setting man-traps or spring-guns which might inflict harm quite disproportionate to the evil which he is seeking to guard against. For more than a century the common law has recognised that even a trespasser is not entirely without rights and that he may have an action if deliberately and unjustifiably injured in this manner.

The rather softer manners of modern times have recently led to a further qualification in favour of the trespasser. It is now held that a landowner may be liable even to a mere trespasser if with knowledge of the presence of the trespasser on his land he negligently creates a new danger which inflicts injury on the trespasser. Accordingly an owner is not entitled to exercise his undoubted right to shoot or to fell trees on his own land if he knows trespassers are on the land, without giving them reasonable warning or taking measures to ensure their safety. It is sometimes said that such liability is really based on

recklessness tantamount to the deliberate infliction of injury. This may be no more than a legal fiction but the law has resolutely stopped short at this point and steadfastly refuses to impose any liability on a landowner for injuries not inflicted deliberately or knowingly in the manner I have indicated. Nor, broadly speaking, where adults are concerned, is there likely to be any serious quarrel with this result. The law does not normally impose liability for personal injuries save where the defendant has been guilty of some fault causing the injury; and where an adult has come on to another person's land without his permission it can hardly be said to be a fault of the owner that he has failed to warn the invader of some danger hidden on his land; the sole cause of the accident is the wrongful intrusion of the plaintiff himself.

It is true that at the present day a feeling is beginning to grow that people should be entitled to be protected against misfortune in any event. In earlier ages injuries and other misfortunes were more readily accepted as part of man's lot on this sinful earth and the consolations of religion filled a place which in recent times has been sought to be filled by the beneficent action of the state. The growth of the welfare state and the fact that at the present time the real defendant in a claim for personal injuries is likely to be not an individual but a large corporation, an insurance company, or a nationalised industry, or even the state itself, have no doubt done much to foster this sentiment. The recent increase in claims against doctors and hospitals under the National Health Service reflects the pressure of this belief.

The common law, however, has not so far yielded to this pressure. 'It does seem to me', Mr. Justice Harman recently remarked, 'that the notion which has grown up that whenever anybody suffers injury he must necessarily be able to get compensation from somebody else must not be encouraged'. On the other hand, another learned judge has recently put forward the view that modern vehicles have so vastly increased the dangers on the roads that children ought not to have to run the risk of being maimed for life without compensation being payable. The problem of children on the Queen's highway is of course by no means the same as that of accidents on private land, for in the former case compensation might conceivably be provided by the state. In the case of private landowners this would hardly be feasible but there still remains the question whether landowners should enjoy the same immunity towards child trespassers as exists in the case of adults. On this matter a cleavage has emerged between what has been called the 'humanitarian view', that the landowner who has reason to know or suspect that children are in the habit of trespassing on his land ought to guard them against hidden perils, and the 'harder view' that children, like adults, trespass at their own risk. Nevertheless, a series of modern decisions has established the so-called 'harder view' that there is in this respect no difference between the case of children and adults. As one writer has expressed it: 'The duty of preventing babies from trespassing upon a railway line should lie upon their parents, and not upon the railway company'.

Safeguarding from Hidden Peril

Where, however, the child has been permitted to enter on the land the law does recognise a duty—albeit a limited one—on the owner to safeguard the child from hidden peril. In the railway case, to which I have referred, the argument put forward on behalf of the boy was that he was not a trespasser on the railway track since the railway company's servants had known for a long time that children were in the habit of getting through the fence and on to the embankment and had taken no effective steps to keep them out. Prior to this decision some support was to be found in the earlier authorities for the view

that a permission or 'licence' (as it is usually called) could be fairly readily inferred where a landowner knows children are resorting to his land and fails to take effective action to exclude them. The House of Lords, however, scouted this notion and laid down that on the contrary such a licence was not lightly to be inferred; the landowner was not bound to take every possible step to keep out intruding children, and as long as he took some steps to show that the intrusion was resented no licence would be inferred.

The readiness in some of the earlier cases to infer a licence on rather slender material may be open to criticism and no doubt this recent decision of the House of Lords will discourage such attempts in the future. Indeed, there is a certain artificiality in seeking to infer a permission where there is really no permission and the owner desired only to keep the trespassing children out. It must be borne in mind, however, that this approach in the case of young children did afford a means of escape in some instances from the rigidity of the law relating to trespassers. Now that this gap has been closed the question becomes more pressing whether the law on this matter is not unduly severe in its operation towards children.

Concession to Human Weakness

Our courts have not however entirely ignored the fact that children are apt to be of a mischievous disposition and that if they are exposed to the temptation of some dangerous object they will as likely as not play with it and suffer injury as a result. Whereas in the case of the adult the law insists on the standard of behaviour of that non-existent paragon, the reasonable man, some concession to human weakness is acknowledged in the case of a young child. Hence the judges have evolved what is known as the doctrine of 'allurement'. This doctrine applies only to children and only to those who are on the defendant's land with his permission. It lays down that liability may exist towards such a child even if the injury results from the child's own wrongful interference with some dangerous object which he finds on the land. The object in question must be something tempting in appearance but containing a lurking peril; 'fascinating but fatal', as it was once expressed. Or as the poet has it:

Alas, regardless of their doom
The little victims play;
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond today.

A striking illustration of this doctrine has recently been provided by the decision in the Court of Appeal of *Gough v. National Coal Board*. The National Coal Board owned land adjoining a colliery over which there ran a tramway track which was used to haul trucks carrying waste from the pit at a very slow speed. Children were in the habit of playing on the land to the knowledge of and without the objection of the Board. As one would expect, the children were also in the habit of taking rides on the buffers of the trucks. A little boy aged six and a half, who had previously been warned by his father not to ride on the trucks, unfortunately failed to heed this parental warning, and while taking a ride fell off and sustained serious injuries. A jury awarded him £4,000 damages and this was upheld on appeal. Those who feel that our judges live in a remote world and are out of touch with the common feelings and activities of ordinary folk may perhaps take heart at the words of the trial judge (Mr. Justice Finemore), who stated that 'few things are more likely to tempt small boys than a slow-moving set of trains on which they can get a pleasant and unusual ride. From time immemorial boys have always been anxious to get rides, and it has always been a very real allurement to them'.

Despite this concession to childish weakness it remains difficult to avoid the feeling that the present law in regard to liability for injuries to children has developed in a way which results in anomalies not easily justifiable. As we have seen, a child who trespasses on another's land is entitled, generally speaking, to no protection whatever. But now I must point out that this immunity is confined to the person in possession of the land which the child has trespassed upon. Suppose, for instance, the danger has been created by some person other than the occupier of the land, for example, someone who has been given permission by the occupier to run dangerous machinery upon the land. In this event a child trespasser who is injured may have no cause of action against the occupier or owner of the land but he may be able to sue the person responsible for the machinery in negligence.

This distinction emerges from two recent cases in both of which a claim for damages succeeded. In the earlier of the two (*Buckland v. Guildford Gas Light & Coke Co.*) a girl aged thirteen was crossing a

field by an unfenced footpath. Some ninety yards from the path was a tree immediately over which passed some high-power electric cables. These cables belonged to the company who were being sued, but the land across which the cables ran was neither owned nor occupied by the company. The girl climbed the tree, came into contact with the cables, and was electrocuted. It was held that even if the girl was a trespasser on the land in question, the company, not being occupiers of the land, were liable in negligence. They ought to have foreseen the likelihood of children straying from the path and climbing the tree, and had taken no steps to guard such children against the hidden peril.

The Collapsing Wall

In the second and most recent decision (*Davis v. St. Mary's Demolition Co.*), the defendants were demolition contractors and had left part of a wall of premises they were demolishing in an unsafe condition. One Sunday afternoon, when no one was working on the site, some children began playing there and started to pull away loose bricks from the wall. The wall collapsed and one of the children was killed. Here, again, as the defendants were working on land which was not in their own occupation, it was held to be no defence to a claim for negligence that the children were trespassers upon the land in question.

Those who favour the 'humanitarian view' to which I have referred, may applaud these decisions; but the layman may be pardoned if he senses a certain hair-splitting unreality in making liability depend on the distinction between being a trespasser against the occupier of the land and against the owner of the dangerous object. Why, he may ask, should the company have been liable to the little girl if they are not owners of the land over which the cable ran and free from liability if they happened to own the field in question? Is there not equally fault in the one case as in the other? The apparent tenderness towards the ownership, or rather the occupation, of land may appear somewhat anomalous in these days of town planning and other far-reaching encroachments upon the concept of private property.

In this matter, as in most others, the law is engaged upon a continual process of adjusting the conflicting interests of various groups within the state. Rights to compensation cannot be conferred on children who are injured on private land without imposing duties upon landowners, and the law has to decide what justice and expediency require in the interest of the community as a whole. The narrow view that it is for the parents alone to protect their children against injury may sound natural enough in an individualistic age when social and economic policy are dominated by the idea of *laissez-faire*. Is it necessarily valid at a time when the welfare state goes further, day after day, in acknowledging the need to protect people against their own weakness or folly? The present law regarding trespassers has shown some tendency—though a very cautious and limited one—to recognise that the position of children cannot be assimilated altogether to that of adults. The development of the law never stands still, so perhaps the last word has not yet been heard on this question.—*Third Programme*

'The war left the Metropolitan Police with a series of problems even greater than those which faced the Force in 1918'. Sir Harold Scott, who was Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police from 1945 to 1953, discusses these problems, and much else, in his *Scotland Yard* (Andre Deutsch, price 16s.). The qualities that go to make a good policeman, the police's relations with the press and the public, how the C.I.D. is organised, the function and value of the Criminal Record Office, the training and duties of London policewomen, and (not least) the improvement in conditions of employment, are a few of the subjects he deals with. The methods of the police are illustrated by accounts of some well-known cases. The book is modestly written and easily read; of the fourteen pictures the omission of one or two (those of well-known criminals leaving or arriving at court) would not have impaired its attractiveness.

* * *

The current number of *The Political Quarterly* (July-September, 1954, price 7s. 6d.) contains two interesting articles: Donald Chapman, M.P., has a realistic appraisal entitled 'What Prospect for the Labour Party?' and B. Mirkire-Guetzévitch, Professor at the Institute of Advanced International Studies, University of Paris, discusses 'Constitutional Reform in France'. *Making Our Way*, the story of the handicapped children, is the title of a pamphlet by Mrs. Peggy Jay published by the National Committee for the Defence of Children, price 6d. *Over Seventy*, a report of an investigation into the social and economic circumstances of 100 people of over seventy years of age living in Hammersmith, has been published by the National Council of Social Service, price 5s.

NEWS DIARY

July 21-27

Wednesday, July 21

The Geneva Conference approves the terms of a cease-fire for Viet-Nam, Laos and Cambodia

The Commons debates a motion about old age pensions

The Postmaster-General authorises the B.B.C. to build nine very-high-frequency broadcasting stations

Thursday, July 22

Mr. Eden and M. Mendès-France make statements about the Indo-China settlement

The Prime Minister refuses an offer from the two Parliamentary Secretaries of the Ministry of Agriculture to resign

Spain agrees not to ship arms to Egypt

Friday, July 23

M. Mendès-France replies in the French Assembly to criticisms of the Geneva settlement and receives a vote of approval by a large majority

Survivors from a British airliner which was shot down in the Gulf of Tongking arrive in Hong Kong

The Home Secretary informs the Coventry Council that the city's civil defence functions are to be taken over by three commissioners

Saturday, July 24

Russia sends Notes to the three Western Powers proposing a conference on collective security in Europe

Secretary of State for War leaves London for Cairo to take part in the Anglo-Egyptian talks on the Suez Canal Zone

Britain protests to China about the shooting down of the airliner en route for Hong Kong

Sunday, July 25

India invites Canada and Poland to an early meeting of the Commission to supervise a cease-fire in Indo-China

Mr. Ho Chi-minh broadcasts to his followers to work for peace and unity in Viet-Nam. Mr. Tran Van Do, Foreign Minister of Viet-Nam, withdraws his resignation

Monday, July 26

It is stated in Washington that two Chinese fighters were shot down by American aircraft which were attacked when searching for survivors from British airliner near Hainan. Chinese Government apologises to Britain for attack on airliner and offers compensation

Tuesday, July 27

Anglo-Egyptian agreement on Suez Canal Zone initialled in Cairo

Mr. Eden makes statement in Commons about air incidents off China

Cease-fire comes into effect in Northern Viet-Nam



A general view of the plenary session of the Geneva Conference at the Palais des Nations on July 21 after the signing of the armistice on Indo-China. Facing the camera are the Chinese and Viet-Minh delegations; on the left, the Russian and British; on the right, the Laotian, French, and Viet-Nam; and, backs to the camera, the Cambodian and United States delegations



A herbaceous border in the Royal Horticultural Society's gardens at Wisley. The Society is celebrating the 150th anniversary of its foundation this year and, to mark the occasion, a new hostel for students was due to be opened at Wisley by the Queen Mother on July 28

Right: a baby zebra which was recently born at the Dudley (Worcestershire) Zoo, photographed last week with its mother



Chancellor, Dr. Adenauer, at a ceremony in July 20, addressing relatives of those executed in the assassination of Hitler on July 20, 1944. The ceremony was in the courtyard of the former Gestapo headquarters where some of the plotters were shot



Competitor in the Juvenile Jumping championship day of the International Horse Show at Weymouth on Saturday: Miss J. Martin on 'Lundy'



Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother paid a visit to Cheltenham Ladies' College, on the occasion of its centenary celebrations on July 20: Her Majesty facing a battery of pupils' cameras



Dr. Otto John, head of the Political Security Section of the Federal German Government, who disappeared in west Berlin on July 20. The Bonn authorities state that he is in the eastern zone



'Minsted Verity 2nd', champion Ayrshire cow of the Tunbridge Wells and South East Counties Agricultural Show, held last week



The prototype Comet III photographed during its maiden flight last week. The aircraft can carry between fifty-eight and seventy-six passengers on stages of 2,600 miles or more

In the photograph of the ministers attending the Anglo-Egyptian discussions in Cairo, reproduced on this page last week, the figure on the right was not Sir Ralph Stevenson but Major-General Edward Benson, Chief of Staff, Middle East Land Forces

Rambling Readings in the 'Annual Register'

By A. P. RYAN

ARE you strong minded? When you look up a train in an A.B.C. can you resist browsing over the pages? I cannot. I find it an irresistible temptation after I have found my train to let my eyes drift casually and to note, for instance, that Craven Arms and Stokesay are one and the same station, and are in Salop. All reference books have this appeal to me and I have found that they have the same for other people.

The best of them all, if you are interested in the small change of history, is the *Annual Register*. This hardy perennial has been coming out for nearly 200 years. The latest instalment, the 1953 one, has just been published and it is the 193rd in the series. It is a wonderful record, and historians, politicians, and all manner of busy men are always turning to it. You get, in the *Annual Register* year by year, a full account of what was going on in home and world affairs, and all sorts of other matters, such as obituaries, books published, the theatre, and so forth.

Sidelights on Forgotten News

I am going to take for granted here that the *Annual Register* is a classical reference book for serious research workers. I want to suggest to you what a gold-mine it is if you happen to be in a library where there are shelves of it—just for browsing into. Each volume was naturally written by people who had just been living through the year they are chronicling and, so, there is a flavour in each volume of what was being thought at the time. You get sidelights on all manner of forgotten news, some of it trivial, but none the less interesting, which loomed large at the time and has since been forgotten.

Take down the volume for 1815—the year of the battle of Waterloo. You will meet with some difficulty in tracking down Waterloo, because in those days the art of indexing was still pretty primitive. At the end, where you would expect to find an index, and where you do find one nowadays, there is a long, and, I am afraid, a very bad poem by an Hon. Mountstuart Elphinstone. The modern editors are more austere and they give us no poetry. As you wander about in search of Waterloo you get held up by James Caimess, a youth of about sixteen years of age, who was brought up before the magistrates for pretending to be a ghost in the neighbourhood of St. Andrews, Holborn. James made a promising ghost, and the neighbourhood he haunted became nearly impassable and loud with shouts of terror and alarm. The ghost had been observed skipping from one tombstone to another, and having ascended a railing gave, first, a hysterical laugh and then three sepulchral groans. Unfortunately for James, the police officers were not imposed upon. They collared him in his white jacket and trousers and in his white-cotton night cap. His plea to the magistrate was that he had been egged on by a gentleman who had liberally paid him to indulge in this hoax. He got off after what is described as a suitable warning from the magistrate. His father, said to be a most respectable man, undertook to guarantee his future conduct.

Still pursuing the quest of Waterloo, you are held up again by another gentleman, this time of the first respectability on the turf, who was, all the same, the defendant in an action about betting. It all began with a party of sporting gentlemen—the *Annual Register* does not tell us whether or no they were all of the first respectability—having a dinner at Colonel Barnston's in Chester. Each had a filly a month old, and it was agreed by the parties that they should run a match. Unfortunately, by the time of the race, the defendant's filly was dead, and learned counsel observed that this meant that the defendant, by the laws of England, was bound to pay £50. The Attorney General disagreed, arguing that an Act of God had made it impossible for the defendant to fulfil his part of the contract. The Chief Justice intervened, with an argument which I admit to finding a little difficult to follow at first glance. At any rate, the Chief Justice is reported in the *Annual Register* as having begun his speech 'Here not so, undoubtedly; a man undertakes that he will do so and so, and binds himself to the performance of it; he is responsible for the non-performance of his agreement. So with a horse; a man may bind himself

that his filly shall perform a stipulated task which it cannot do. The responsibility certainly lies upon the contract'. But the gist of what the Chief Justice thought must have been only too plain to the defendant. For, when the plaintiff had been awarded £50 damages, the Chief Justice again chipped in with 'Gentlemen of the Jury, you will recollect that pounds are always guineas on the turf', and the award was accordingly altered to guineas.

You meet your Waterloo sooner or later, but not before you have got absorbed in an action between two inhabitants of Gravesend, provoked by the doctrines of Joanna Southcott—the lady of the box which was opened not so long ago. This case, too, turned on a bet. Someone had wagered £200 to £100 that Joanna would be delivered of a male child on or before November 1. One counsel, serjeants they were called at that time, tried to have the whole thing stopped, on the grounds of what he called indecency and ludicrousness, and he cited *Da Costa v. Jones*, which was a wager upon the sex of a certain Chevalier Deon. The lawyers had a high old time, straying as far from Joanna as to discuss whether there are more ways than six of nicking seven on a dice. But, in the end, the court decided not to take the case because Joanna was a single woman. The Lord Chief Justice was again prominent, laying it down that there is a wide difference between a wager where a married woman does not know whether it will be a boy or a girl, and on whether a single woman shall have a child at all—after which he curtly went on 'call the next cause'. One point that comes out clearly from this confusing report is that although Joanna had prophesied that she was going to have a child, she did not do so.

I said just now that the lawyers in this sad case were called serjeants. If you remember your *Pickwick Papers* this will have rung a bell—Serjeant Buzfuz and all that. It rang a bell for me when I was turning over the pages of the *Register* and made me realise that I had often heard about serjeants and how there had been much regret among the old stagers of the law when they were abolished. Common law judges were always chosen from the ranks of the serjeants, and that was why a serjeant was always called by a judge 'my brother So-and-So'.

What, I wondered, did the *Annual Register* have to say about their abolition? This happened, I found, in 1880, at any rate in this country. Serjeants went on a good deal longer in Ireland. So I started exploring the *Annual Register* of 1880. Opening, at random—an unbusinesslike proceeding, I grant you, but to me irresistible—I found myself in the thick of a Russian Nihilist story. On January 29 a number of Nihilists and others concerned in a great robbery for revolutionary purposes of 2,000,000 roubles from the Imperial Treasury chest, were convicted by a military tribunal at Odessa. Among them were three ladies who took the chief part in the robbery. One, a baroness, was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Another was a sister of the Red Cross Society, and had greatly distinguished herself in nursing the sick and wounded during a war. The third was the daughter of a lieutenant-general.

Explosion in St. Petersburg

From her, my eye slides on to the next item, which begins by telling us that about seven o'clock in the evening, just as the Tsar was proceeding with the Duchess of Edinburgh and other members of his family to the dining-room in the winter palace of St. Petersburg, an explosion supposed to have been produced by dynamite took place in a cellar below a guard room which was situated on the next floor to that of the dining-room. Was it, you cannot help wondering, wise to have that guard room just there? And you are not surprised to be told that the boldness of this event and the evidence which it afforded of the inefficiency of the police produced great consternation. It was followed by what the *Register* calls a step almost unprecedented in history. The Emperor, by ukase, announced that he was firmly decided to put an end to the repeated attempts of audacious malefactors to disturb the state and social order in Russia. Poor Emperor, how little

he knew what would happen to his side before the audacious male-factors had finished their game. Do you wonder that having got that far in these tempting pages of the *Annual Register* I had forgotten all about serjeants in 1880?

Now let us move again along the shelves and take down the 1854 *Annual Register* and look in the index for the Charge of the Light Brigade. There is an index by this time and this is what, with its help, you find about Balaklava and the gallant six hundred. 'The terrible loss of the cavalry at Balaklava', the entry begins, and it goes on to refer to the 'dubious results of that action'. The devoted bravery of the light cavalry is praised, but you are able to see that the story as we know it today took some while to get into shape.

But, again, turning over the pages, you quickly get led away from the Crimean War. Could you bring yourself not to go on with the story that opens 'A very extraordinary case involving a peerage and estates of the value of £10,000 a year and exceeding in its intrigues, complications, and developments the plots and devices of the most fertile romancers has occupied the Assize Court of Kilkenny for four days and will yet give plentiful occupation to the gentlemen of the long robe'?

It did indeed keep those gentlemen busy. You are introduced by them to a young man who eloped with a wife of a neighbour who was afterwards created a baronet. This young man had £40,000 which, reports the *Annual Register*, was by no means sufficient for the necessities induced by his dissipated tastes. He soon deserted his lady

and took up with a widow of a colonel who had been possessed of great property in Scotland. Unfortunately for her, and for her new young man, the large fortune left to her was, as the *Register* puts it, 'clogged with the unwise, unjust, and cruel stipulation that she should lose all if she ever married again'. But she was not down-hearted. She proceeded to Brighton and 'could not be long there without attracting general attention'. This case goes on for pages, but I hope I have given you enough from it, and from others, to bring out the flavour of these old records.

Nowadays the *Annual Register* has grown sober and is a much more business-like chronicle of the serious events of each year. It has given up sowing its wild oats and no longer devotes pages to the kind of court cases I have mentioned. This is obviously right. For in these eventful years what we need in a reference book is an account of what has happened in world affairs and at home, in politics, literature, the arts, science and finance, trade and industry, and so on. The writers of the modern *Annual Register* are a tower of strength to anyone who needs to check references and, over and above that, they have the satisfaction of knowing that historians, who are now babies or not yet born, will turn to them again and again. But whenever I have a few idle minutes, I shall go on to dip into the small change of their predecessors. Taking the *Register* as a whole from the far away days of its first editor, Edmund Burke, it is in itself a piece of history. For the different ways it treats its job of chronicling gives you much to think about.—*Home Service*

Couscous and African Food

By ISABELLE VISCHER

ITALIAN POLENTA, as well as couscous, palm-oil chop and other African dishes, have one thing in common: they are all made of a sauce or a stew round a dry centre. Couscous is one of the best African dishes and fortunately relatively easy to make at home. I have made it several times and I may say that it always gave much enjoyment and created a warm and festive atmosphere.

There are several kinds of couscous. In Morocco, where it is the staple dish, it is made with semolina; in Algiers, with millet. The millet couscous is the best. I have also a recipe for couscous of the Riff Valley. This is prepared from special flour and the stew contains a great variety of vegetables, as well as pigeons.

The origin of couscous goes back to time immemorial. A special utensil, a kind of steamer, is generally used to make it and greatly facilitates its preparation, but one can make it in an ordinary saucepan surmounted by a sieve which should fit closely into its rim. Two pounds of couscous will do for six people. Of the two kinds mentioned above, the millet seems to me the better; this cereal looks like semi-coarse oatmeal, only white. It can easily be obtained in Paris, and nowadays possibly in England also.

According to the number of people, take two to four pounds of breast of lamb or mutton and a large chicken for the stew. I had imagined that it might be better to use more 'meaty' pieces than only breast of mutton—that poor man's apparently inferior and bony, but really excellent, cut, which a poor woman was wont to call 'Hyde Park railings'. But this particular piece proved to be essentially suitable and delicious for couscous. You need also olive oil, some margarine or butter, a little beef marrow, some broad beans, and, if at all possible, some chick-peas, together with three medium-sized onions and stock. Soak the chick-peas for twenty-four hours in water before use. Cut up the mutton in pieces and fry in oil for twenty minutes. Cut the chicken also in pieces, fry the onion in oil and then the chicken. Add the mutton, the chick-peas, and the stock. Let your stew cook very slowly. No stew should ever boil. Add the rest of your vegetables which have first been gently fried in oil. If possible, add a dessertspoonful of a special spice called Ras el Hamont—some call it Ras el Hanout—which goes with couscous. This gives a marvellous flavour. It consists of twenty different, finely ground spices.

The couscous itself is treated as follows: soak two pounds of couscous thoroughly and leave it to drain for at least half an hour, taking care to thin it with your fingers, should it cake. Then place it

in the sieve or steamer and fix it over the saucepan containing the meat. Never cover, but seal the join of the sieve and saucepan hermetically with a wet cloth. Allow the steam from the stew to pass through it for ten minutes, but no longer. Tip your couscous on to a dish, or a clean cloth, and thin it out carefully with your fingers. Prepare very salt water (a large handful of salt to a coffee-cup of water) and spray it delicately all over, so that it spreads lightly and evenly and does not soak, thinning the couscous all the while with the tips of your fingers. Add one coffee-cup of olive oil. Put back into the steamer and let the steam pass through until it is ready to serve. At the last moment, mix in some butter.

Other vegetables may, of course, be added, such as carrots, turnips, swedes, or any root vegetable you like; butter beans are excellent. This will be less orthodox but just as good. The sauce can be a tomato sauce seasoned with pimento, paprika, cayenne, and black pepper. With the addition of Ras el Hamont, you will, according to *Ali Bab*, have obtained a famous sauce known as Sauce Marga. *Ali Bab* is a wonderful cookery book, which I call the kitchen Bible. It looks like it. It ends, after the most comprehensive list of excellent and luxurious recipes, with a chapter on the treatment of obesity.

As we are in North Africa, I must mention Arab coffee which generally follows a couscous. Its excellence is due, in the first place, to the fact that it is roasted, almost over-roasted, on the spot, that every split bean is removed, and that it is ground or pounded in a mortar at once. After good couscous and equally good coffee, I assure you that everyone present feels like making those throaty noises—objectionable to us, but so dear and important to a polite Arab.

The best known Arab speciality is the *méchoui*. It is a specially fattened sheep, roasted whole. A pit is dug in the ground, four and a half feet long, two and a half feet wide, and three feet deep. A big, wood fire is lighted inside this trench and kept burning until approximately one and a half feet of cinders and hot ashes have accumulated. The sheep's carcass is rubbed with salt, red pepper, and oil both inside and out. The kidneys are left in but the head is cut off. A long pole is driven through the carcass and fixed in such a way that the sheep turns with the spit. Two forked stakes hold the spit at each end. The lower portion of the carcass must be level with the ground over the pit, one to two feet higher than the ashes. The sheep is cooked for at least four hours and turned once every fifteen minutes. It is basted with oil at least once every half hour, sometimes more frequently.

When it is ready, mats are laid on the ground with the sheep in the middle on a sheet. The guests then squat round. Each is armed with a sharp knife and cuts the piece which he prefers, either the crackly outside or the more juicy inside. The kidneys are a delicacy and are given to the guest of honour. Again, it is *de rigueur* to eat with one's fingers. With it, and according to taste, circumstances, and place, you drink either water, sweet palm wine, or wine made with millet, followed afterwards by coffee. In French colonial territories, *méchoui* is often served in the mess. Europeans find green or fruit salads very refreshing to eat afterwards.

When I lived in Nigeria the Arabs of Kano city visited us from time to time. They organised large picnics outside our compound. Once, when I had lost all sense of taste and naturally all appetite, my husband asked his Arab friends to come over. They settled down to their good cooking and sent us a great variety of dishes to sample. I was made to sit on a cushion on the floor with my legs crossed in front of me like a Buddha. This is the custom with the Arabs, and that is why they can consume such quantities of food at one sitting, for in this posture the stomach becomes like a bag, and gargantuan quantities of food can disappear into it without discomfort. One is really hardly aware that one is eating.

In the distance I heard drumming and neighing of horses and a pleasant African hubbub. Roast legs of mutton arrived; there were delicious thick pancakes made with honey and there was one dish much resembling spaghetti in a wonderful but fiery chicken stew. This type of spaghetti is made from millet flour ground between two stones. It gets mixed up with quite a bit of sand and grit, and you need a strong inside to cope with it. As we were doing things properly, my husband taught me to eat Arab fashion, that is to dip the thumb and the first two fingers into the dish and to bring them to the mouth without dribbling too much. To do this gracefully is as difficult as using chopsticks, but I have seen it done with dignity and charm. As each morsel entered my mouth and dropped into the bag, my stomach, my appetite, and my enjoyment increased. I was then and there cured and regained my sense of taste.

The best of all West African specialties is palm-oil chop. Alas, we cannot make it without palm oil. It was once made for me to perfection in Accra on the Gold Coast, by an African lady and headmistress of a school who bore the charming name of Ruby Papafio. It was beautiful to look at and equally beautiful in taste. It consisted, like most African dishes, of a solid centre, surrounded by a sauce and a stew. This one had two lovely domes in the middle: one made of mashed plantain,

pale green like pistachio, and the other made of yam, a rich ivory colour. Both had the consistency of a smooth puree of potatoes. They were accompanied by a sauce of the richest scarlet, melting into sparks and flashes of gold. Appetising bits of chicken lay immersed in this glowing sauce, which was made with crushed chillies, palm oil, and mysterious spices and herbs known only to Africans.

Foofoo and Joloff rice also hail from West Africa. The last time I tasted Joloff rice it was being cooked at Achimota College, on the Gold Coast, by some warm-hearted, jolly, and very talkative African ladies. They cooked it in enormous tubs for the students of the college. Broad smiles and much laughter accompanied the performance, especially when I tasted it with much curiosity. The rice was hot and deep red mixed up with soft pieces of meat, chillies, herbs, and unfathomable spices. The smell was appetising and exciting.

Foofoo is a very good dish indeed and easy to prepare. An African from Calabar, son of a witch-doctor, who was our cook for a short time here in England, made it very well and this is the recipe he gave me. Boil some potatoes, strain, and keep the water. Mash the potatoes thoroughly. Put them back into the pan and add your potato-water while still hot. Stir it in with a wooden spoon and sprinkle in semolina, beating vigorously all the time. Add boiling water if the mass gets too dry. Finally put in a dab of margarine or butter. The contents of your pan should become like a rubbery dough and detach itself from the saucepan. This dough, if it has the right consistency, is quite unexpectedly agreeable. Serve with a highly seasoned chicken or mutton stew. It can be flavoured with peanut butter or, still better, with a peanut flavouring made from freshly roasted peanuts. This dish could really be called an African polenta. On the West Coast, yam is used in place of mashed potatoes and semolina, and is, of course, better, but the *ersatz* will be found surprisingly good.

Foofoo is a dish which seems to have several interpretations in different parts of the West Coast. Once, I prepared it for a young West African couple who had been living in England for some time. I fondly imagined that they must be missing the food of their own country, and having an African cook I thought I would give them a treat. With infinite care and joyous anticipation my cook did his utmost to prepare a perfect foofoo. At table, I announced to my guests that I was offering them foofoo and said how much I hoped that they would like it. Their reply was most unexpected: 'Foofoo? We think nothing of it', they said. 'Give us good old English roast beef and Yorkshire pudding. That is much better than foofoo and that is what we like'.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

The Decline of Lysenko

Sir,—I am very reluctant to reply to Professor Polanyi's angry letter, because neither hard facts nor polemical discussion are likely to dispel his moral indignation. I deeply respect his moral indignation, because he is a distinguished European and the eclipse of freedom in totalitarian countries comes to him with all the shock of a personal bereavement. But even personal bereavements should not be immune from objective analysis. Professor Polanyi condemns my objective analysis on two grounds: the first, that it 'ignores good and evil'; and the second, that I do not adduce facts to support it. If Professor Polanyi were discussing chemistry and not Russia, he would willingly agree that his first objection is invalid. He believes (just as the Russians do) that objectivity is immoral when one is discussing certain sociological problems. I do not believe that, and any further discussion of our differences is pointless.

Professor Polanyi's second objection is more serious but it is more easily dispelled. He questions my evidence for two assertions. My first assertion was that genetics in Russia immediately before 1948 ran a 'normal if uncomfortable

course'. I cannot encumber your columns with all the evidence to support this. Suffice it to say that in 1945 I attended three official genetics colloquia held in institutes of the Academy of Sciences in Moscow and Leningrad, at which I heard papers and discussions which would do credit to any genetical institute in Britain. So-called Michurinian genetics was not mentioned at any of them. In September 1945 I read the proof of a paper on chromosome structure in *Drosophila* by Prokofieva, a worker in Lysenko's own Institute. It would have been acceptable in any British scientific journal. In October 1945 I received officially from the Ministry of Agriculture samples of polyploid wheat hybrids produced by colchicine treatment by Zhebrak, who had just published in an American journal a lucid criticism of Lysenko's work. In November 1945 I bought at the bookshop of Moscow University a new Russian translation of the American book *Principles of Genetics*, by Sinnott and Dunn, commissioned by the Committee for Higher Education. If Professor Polanyi cares to read the genetical papers published in the Academy's journal *Doklady Akademii Nauk* for 1945-47 (copies of which are in the libraries of

several British universities) he will find confirmation of this evidence. This evidence, and much more like it, is totally inconsistent with Professor Polanyi's innuendo.

My second assertion to which Professor Polanyi objects is that Lysenko has in fact had a beneficial effect on Soviet husbandry. Professor Polanyi implies that my evidence is from biased sources. The only indisputable evidence would be statistical, and that is impossible to get. But such distinguished men as Prianyshnikov, Zhebrak, Tsitsin, Zhukovsky, Zavadovsky, and Sabinin, all of whom have openly criticised Lysenko's genetics, were willing to tell me in private that his influence on Soviet husbandry had been very beneficial and very important; and I myself saw evidence of it on collective farms as far apart as Archangel and Moscow. This evidence, too, is inconsistent with Professor Polanyi's innuendo.

Professor Polanyi quotes my own account of the liquidation of the distinguished geneticist Vavilov in 1941 as though it were evidence inconsistent with my analysis. The persecution of Vavilov aroused intense indignation among all western biologists, but it is simply nonsense to

assume that the pursuit of genetics at the highest levels of scholarship ceased with the arrest of Vavilov. It would be a great pity if the emotional prejudices of Professor Polanyi were allowed to smother facts, even if the facts seem to make it more difficult than ever to understand the Russian people.

Belfast

Yours, etc.,

ERIC ASHBY

Television Critics

Sir,—In almost every other sphere of human activity it is generally understood that we can learn from experience and from the experience of others, but when it comes to appreciation of the arts there is a stubborn and widespread conviction that any man's opinion is as good as any other's. Mr. Watson's letter in your columns last week was a typical example of this I-know-what-I-like school. If the critics do not agree with the judgement of Mr. Watson and his young son, then the critics are wrong.

But if Mr. Watson and his son would apply the intelligence to this subject that I am sure they do to others, they might perhaps realise that critics are people who have devoted years of study to arts in which they are sincerely, deeply and lovingly interested, otherwise they would not be critics. Their taste, compared to that of Mr. Watson and his son, is the taste of the gourmet as compared to that of the child to whom strawberry ice is the highest enjoyment and all strawberry ices very much alike. The pleasure of the gourmet, whether in food or the arts, may be rarer than that of the child, but it is more deep and satisfying. By studying the opinions of good critics and trying to understand why they differ from our own we can educate our immature or uninformed minds, improve our judgement and increase our pleasure by deepening its quality. But no pleasure can be increased without effort and it is, of course, much easier to dismiss the views of the critics and remain at the strawberry ice stage.

As one who has learnt much from critics and is still learning I would like here to record my gratitude, for increased pleasures and deepened sensibilities, to such critics as Mr. William Archer, Mr. James Agate, Mr. Herbert Farjeon, and their distinguished successors today.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

C. V. WEDGWOOD

Art Critics

Sir,—I hope your readers will appreciate that these are the dog days and that the august tongue must have been in its editorial cheek when your leading article about critics was written. So long as this is just a parlour game we can all join in the fun of bear-baiting but we must not take the enormous philistinism of Mr. Bernard Watson too seriously.

Let us not lose our nerve in the face of the world's greatest fallacy: that the greatest number must be right. This heresy is rampant enough as it is and is responsible for Hollywood, commercial television, boogie-woogie, and the venal press. Do not add to its baleful influence by removing the gadflies from society.

I cannot fathom what Picasso is up to, but I do not like to trumpet around that his work is ugly, misshapen, and eccentric. I look at his early work and I am duly humble. On the whole, *pace* Mr. Watson, I do find that what good critics say about the cinema, drama, especially music and, somewhat doubtfully, art is what I usually agree with eventually.

If I am permitted to indulge in a mild *tu quoque*, I would like to criticise the critics for a leaning towards preciosity and a predilection for strange words. Otherwise they are quite useful members of the community.

Yours, etc.,

Gidea Park

G. E. ASSINDER

Sir,—With the spread of education and the undoubted rise in the appreciation of art by the general public, one had hoped that we should be spared any further 'humour' of the kind in which Lord Brabazon indulges. Odd to choose poor Phil May as an analogy—a popular artist, not greatly overrated in his day, who takes his place as a figure, if a minor one, in the succession of British comic draughtsmen.

In his attempt to write off Picasso as a mere *farceur* or comic, Lord Brabazon chooses to ignore the tragic side of Picasso's genius. Or is it convenient for him to forget 'Guernica', a work which must have left its mark on the public consciousness, and the first notable comment in visual art on the contribution of the aeroplane to modern civilisation?—Yours, etc.,

London, W.4

H. S. WILLIAMSON

The Total Eclipse of the Sun

Sir,—I am indebted to Professor G. Findlay Shirras for pointing out that in my talk on 'The Total Eclipse of the Sun' I had anticipated Halley's appointment as Astronomer Royal by some five years. In 1715 Halley was Savilian Professor of Geometry at Oxford and Secretary to the Royal Society. The King's Commission, granting him the post of Astronomer Royal, was dated February 9, 1719-20, not 1721 as given by Professor Shirras who may have followed the error in the *D.N.B.*

As to spelling, the article from which I was quoting was subscribed 'Edmund' Halley, not 'Edmond'. The former style is used throughout Halley's scientific papers in the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*, and likewise by Martin Folkes in his contemporary *Memoir*.

Not only was Halley a pre-eminent astronomer; he also commanded the naval vessel *Paramour* in the years 1698-1700, when he made the first magnetic survey of the oceans. Is it not strange that we possess no biography of this great scientist, the tercentenary of whose birth will be celebrated in 1956?—Yours, etc.,

Royal Observatory,
Edinburgh

M. A. ELLISON

Hindemith: A Disillusioned Composer

Sir,—Surely the purpose of the musical articles published in your journal is to enlighten listeners on works somewhat outside the general repertoire, bringing us nearer to a true appreciation of certain composers. I venture to doubt whether the writer of your recent article on Hindemith has done this, in fact whether he has not done the opposite.

The very title 'Hindemith: A Disillusioned Composer' is misleading. Mr. Colin Mason wishes to make readers believe that Hindemith has lost interest in sound as such.

For his argument he quotes from a recent essay by Hindemith on Bach: the moral for the listener is

to measure all music against the values that Bach has demonstrated. The outward hull of music, sound, will then shrink to nothingness. If originally it was the element which drew us toward music, which alone seemed to satisfy our longing, it is now only a vessel for something more important: our own betterment. Such betterment will make us intolerant of lesser music, idle tinkling, uncontrolled and unskilled composition. But it will also open our minds to music using symbols that are yet unknown to us, wrapped in strange sounds that we must first learn to decipher.

From this Mr. Mason concludes that Hindemith, 'in his realisation that what is permanent in music is immaterial . . . has come to despise its material'. Is it not rather that Hindemith, having attained a mastery of his art that is given to few men, is now striving to rise to a higher knowledge of the secrets that govern music? To imply that in the process he has come to despise its material is to put a narrow interpretation on

a great artist's philosophy. Does Mr. Mason think any the less of Leonardo da Vinci and Goethe, because in their maturity they reached out for the heights of philosophical knowledge?

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

FRANZ REIZENSTEIN

A Refusal to Look

Sir,—If anyone wants the facts on Jim Dixon's jobs, let me point out that an assistant lecturer in his second year gets £500, the same sum as that offered to Jim in London. Living in London costs more than in the provinces. Jim's move was just a move, certainly not a way of creeping into the softest hole he could find. Mr. Anthony Quinton (*THE LISTENER*, July 22) should get some information before tearing forward to analyse, and might even remember that Jim is a man in a book, not a 'generation'.

Yours, etc.,

Swansea

KINGSLEY AMIS

The Comic Element in the English Novel

Sir,—I was mistaken in saying that no French-English dictionary gives the phrase *le mot juste*. But I still think that the authorities I relied on—Littre, *The Concise Oxford French Dictionary*, and Fowler's *Modern English Usage*—carry more weight than Harrap, even if one throws into the scale the assurances of Mr. Clifton's French friends. With their genius for precision and clarity the French have given us (or we have annexed) scores of irreplaceably neat and exact words—*rapprochement*, *camouflage*, *tête-à-tête*, *laissez-faire*, etc. There is, however, a sharp distinction between these and what Fowler calls 'bower-birds' treasures' (*à merveille*, *coûte que coûte*, *impayable*), those glittering and (shall we say?) meretricious gallicisms with which some writers love to bedizen their homespun stuff. You cannot imagine Shaw or Churchill—to mention two great masters of English—dragging in *le mot juste*. There was a rage for this silly affectation at the end of the seventeenth century, and Macaulay quotes from Dryden, who, he says, 'certainly could not plead poverty as an excuse for borrowing words from any foreign tongue', this absurd couplet:

Hither in summer evenings you repair

To taste the fraîcheur of the cooler air.

If the summer of 1660 was anything like the one we are enjoying, *fraîcheur* I should say was certainly '*le mot juste*'.—Yours, etc.,

Bournemouth

HAROLD BINNS

Sir,—In the Report of the Inspecteur Général de l'Instruction Publique on the examination for the 'Certificat d'Aptitude au Professorat de l'Enseignement du Second Degré—Anglais' for 1953, on page twenty-one there is the following sentence:

L'argot qui a si souvent pour origine une paresse d'esprit, dispense de trouver le mot juste et son abus conduit . . . à une indigence lamentable de vocabulaire, etc.

Is not this use of '*le mot juste*' in such a document evidence that it is a set phrase in French?—Yours, etc.,

London, E.11

N. S. MERCER

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

'Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford'

Sir,—A printer's error has reversed the meaning of a sentence in my review of Elizabeth Barrett's Letters in *THE LISTENER* last week. In the sentence, 'The tragic event of the period was the loss by drowning of her eldest and dearest brother, to which was indirectly due the serious breakdown of her health and her consequent exile to Torquay', the 'to' which precedes 'which' should follow the word 'due'.

Yours, etc.,

YOUR REVIEWER

Art

The Venice Biennale

By ROBERT MELVILLE

WHEN I arrived in Venice to see the twenty-seventh Biennale the prizes had long since been awarded, all the painters and critics had gone, the attendants who guard the exhibits of thirty-two countries had settled into a pattern of pacing and dozing, and there was not a living soul to whom I could confide my cynical reflections upon the temporary emblems of national dignity. In the evenings I sat in the Piazza San Marco with English sailors who told me about cities where things still happen. 'How is it that Venice wasn't bombed?' one of them said, as if it might be an explanation of why Venice gave him the creeps, but I was too absorbed by the Biennale—too busily reorganising the exhibition and redistributing the prizes—to pay much attention to the iconoclasm of the young.

I begin to think that Baudelaire was leaning out over the gulf that separates our century from his when he said that line and colour were absolutely independent of the subject of the picture, for the atrophy of the will to describe is reflected in its final stages in some of the largest and most sumptuous canvases at the Biennale. Riopelle in the Canadian section, de Kooning in the U.S. pavilion, Mattia Moreni in the Palazzo Centrale have inherited from the old masters of the modern movement an unquenchable thirst for spontaneity that is giving paint its ultimate lustre and reducing the art of painting to a discharge of energy.

They are impressive and disturbing painters: one senses the inordinate, vertiginous pleasures that painting affords them, and when one looks round, one sees that many more painters are in no mood for self-denial. The abstractionists in the French pavilion, Appel from Holland, the Israeli painter Ardon linger without appetite over the remains of structure, and when Francis Bacon—exhibiting in the British pavilion—allows a semblance of flesh to appear amidst the scramble of paint at the centre of his canvases, it has the look of a contrived accident. It is difficult to condemn this point of arrival without condemning the Fauves and the Surrealists and, above all, the great Expressionists, who prepared the way. Few of the famous names appear in the catalogue this time, but Norway has sent an exhibition of Edvard Munch which provides uncanny glimpses of turbulent paint striving to break out of the cast-iron cells of *art-nouveau* design.

There are traces at the Biennale of an intention to survey the surrealist movement. Miró, Ernst, and the sculptor Arp are holding retrospectives in the Palazzo Centrale, and although their work is not wearing too well, they have been awarded the big international prizes. Miró's gaiety is more apparent in his lithographs in the Spanish pavilion than in the paintings. Arp's simple, vaguely organic forms invite fanciful appellations: I see them as gall-stones from fabulous beasts. Many of Ernst's paintings now look strained and facetious, but some of his forests and swamps, slightly adapted from automatic material, may well prove to be his most lasting works. They somehow worm their way into the tradition of Huber and Altdorfer, and as the most notable of the surrealist experiments in automatism they have certainly influenced the action painters. Some of the brush-strokes of Moreni are even on the verge of adumbrating similar forests.

It has been left to the Belgians to show the deliberately reactionary, illusionistic side of surrealism, and although history may not record the fact, Delvaux and Magritte assume the stature of very wise old men in the convulsive atmosphere of the Biennale. Their cool and calculated fantasies are painted as much for our pleasure as their own. Delvaux' 'La Voie Publique' explores the machinery of the dream and the diablerie of the night: the apparitional tableau in the foreground is a convincing study of inaccessibility, poised between two realities, our own and the street beyond.

One looks particularly for new sculpture in the Italian pavilion, and although there is no sign that Marini and Manzù are being challenged, the graceful, mannered figures of Mascherini, and Mirko's archaic 'Chimera' are the most outstanding bronzes in the entire exhibition.

Finally, there is an exhibition of Courbet to remind us of higher standards and warmer sentiments, but it is not easy to see why he was chosen to represent the past on this occasion. Surrealism was supposed to be the theme of the exhibition and it would have been better to show an early fantasist, Boecklin perhaps, or Caspar David Friedrich. Some of the Courbets were superb, of course. One would have liked to see more of those lovely women with double chins, but the famous painting of a girl by a trellis of roses has been lent by an American museum, and it is one of the most poetic paintings in the world.



'Chimera', by Mirko

Trinity Brothers Attend

There was a young fellow went by:
Alight his eye
And his step was free
But what did he see?
And what could he be?
Ah me!

Here's an old fellow drawn near:
Do what he will
He sees less still!

In between
The proud man, firm and cool,
Their measure and their mean:
Green
And a fool!

Any day
Now
When all is said and done
The three will be one
(With Niniveh
And Tyre
And Babylon)
As, in a different way,
—But who knows how?—
Under their self-same star
They were
And are.

I. A. RICHARDS

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Invisible Writing

By Arthur Koestler.

Collins with Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

A CONFESSION INVITES moral judgement, which the literary critic had best avoid. It is true that in the present case the penitent revels in self-abasement, and no doubt hopes for absolution of some kind. But this, least of all, can we grant him. The public will express its prejudice—and Mr. Koestler is well aware of the peculiar prejudices of the English—but prejudice is neither judgement nor absolution, but a contrary state of mind. Since Koestler cannot believe in a God capable of forgiveness, he is left with his own conscience, and nothing he has written in this volume, or in its predecessor (*Arrow in the Blue*) suggests that this conscience is now 'easy'. After thirty-two years in the wilderness he has settled down, at the age of forty-seven, in one of London's old squares, where he hopes to live happily ever after, 'until the Great Mushroom appears in the skies'.

That last phrase betrays his continuing uneasiness, and indeed he is exasperated by the complacency, or maybe the stupidity, of those who still believe that peace is a possible ideal, and that one should not condemn a whole nation because it is controlled by a group of psychopaths. Koestler's autobiography is not the typical case-history of a disillusioned idealist, for he never held his ideals dispassionately: they were fantasies projected by his own psychological distress. He confesses his inability to love the same woman (however beautiful or intelligent) for more than a few months: in the same way he cannot remain faithful to a cause (however just) in a society (however perfect) because his restless mind is ever seeking new compensations for deep-seated anxieties. He calls his story the 'typical case-history of a central-European member of the educated middle-classes, born in the first years of our century'. But what is typical of such people is their possession of an unconscious death-wish (why such an obsession should characterise a particular class in a particular part of the world is a problem for which dialectical materialism could no doubt provide a solution). Ridden by this dark rider, such people plunge over every available precipice, and the Communist Party becomes merely a fashionable substitute for the Foreign Legion.

Mr. Koestler speaks of 'the apocalyptic temperament, the all-or-nothing type of mentality—a temperament that lacks fortitude in minor crises but thrives on catastrophes'. He continues: '... in the so-called major crises of life I have always found a redeeming element of the grotesque. There is terror and tragedy, but also an absurd incongruity in the ravages of a flood, when saucepans float down the stream next to a hairbrush and a dead hen, and children have the time of their lives being rescued in rowing boats. Though subject to frequent fits of depression, real disasters usually fill me with a wild elation. And though I have always jealously clung to my possessions, and their partial damage or loss ... makes me angry and sad, the total loss of all I had, on each of the three occasions when it occurred, aroused a feeling of liberation, the excitement of a fresh start'.

There is another categorical distinction, of which Mr. Koestler is well aware, and which further serves to differentiate his type—it is the distinction so brilliantly applied to European history by Albert Camus—the distinction between the revolutionary and the rebel. 'A revolutionary', observes Koestler, 'can identify

himself with Power, a rebel cannot; but I was a rebel, not a revolutionary'. The revolutionary calculates, and his methods are strategic, patient, rational, and undeviating. The rebel acts spontaneously, impulsively, and he has no methods at all. This means that he is in the power of his unconscious, and if that unconscious contains the death wish, then rebellion becomes nihilism, terrorism, the apocalypse. But the dark rider and his mount have now settled down in a quiet London square, without unduly alarming the neighbours. How this became possible Koestler relates in a chapter called 'The Hours by the Window', in which he describes his spiritual evolution during three months solitary confinement in a Spanish prison. It is a sincere and moving document, in which the prisoner's meditations lead to the discovery of 'a third order-of-reality' (the other two are the sensory and the rational orders), disclosing 'that time, space, and causality, that the isolation, separateness, and spatio-temporal limitations of the self were merely optical illusions on the next higher level. ... It was a text written in invisible ink; and though one could not read it, the knowledge that it existed was sufficient to alter the texture of one's existence, and make one's actions conform to the text'.

Mr. Koestler will now, we may hope, follow the example of those saints and seers who have at moments 'been able to read a fragment of the invisible text'. He has brilliant gifts as a writer—the greater part of this book, which we have reviewed so solemnly, is devoted to an exciting narrative of his adventures in Soviet Russia and in Spain. These gifts must now be turned to a more meditative task—to that 'hour of synthesis' which, in the aphorism Koestler uses as an epigraph to his book, Fustel de Coulanges said was worth 'a life-time of analysis'.

Human Society in Ethics and Politics

By Bertrand Russell.

Allen and Unwin. 15s.

Lord Russell's book is partly a treatise on ethics and partly a tract for our times. So far as theory is concerned, 'there is nothing startlingly original', as Lord Russell himself observes. Ethical commands, in his view, cannot be justified either by an appeal to authority or by an autobiographical appeal to conscience. Authorities differ and the still small voices whisper discordant advice. In any case an ethical command is addressed to the heart, where lies the mainspring of human action, rather than to the head. 'Good', therefore, is defined as 'satisfaction of desire'. But some desires are what Lord Russell calls 'compossible', others mutually conflict, so that 'right desires will be those that are capable of being compossible with as many desires as possible; wrong desires will be those that can only be satisfied by thwarting other desires'. Furthermore, there is no reason (note the word) to prefer any one person's satisfactions to anyone else's. We should therefore act in such a way as to maximise satisfactions all round. This may involve a curbing of our own immediate impulses, and the function of moral systems is to support the social side of man, when his unreflecting passions tempt him to behave in a way which is socially disruptive and which, even in his own remoter interests, is imprudent.

None of this, alas, can be proved. There are no agreed standards of acceptability which can be brought to bear on ethical propositions, analogous to those which apply to the propositions

of science. It may certainly be argued that Lord Russell underestimates the power of reason when he says in his Preface: that 'it has nothing whatever to do with the choice of ends'. Indeed, in the body of the book he constantly makes an appeal to reason in order to persuade his readers that certain ends are 'better' than others, and he even speaks at one point of a 'rational ethic'. However, though reason may be concerned with the priority of ends, it must be admitted that it cannot be used to justify the supreme end round which subsidiary desires should be ordered. If, therefore, we wish to persuade people to act in such a way as to maximise the satisfactions of mankind, we must find out what obstructive passions stand in our way, and seek means to bring them under control.

This is the theme of the second part of the book. Envy, hatred, the lust for power, a narrow range of neighbourliness and general stupidity are shown to have dominated human conduct. Lord Russell unrolls the discreditable scroll of human history. We are abashed, but he gives us but little concrete advice. Cannot the nations play out their rivalries on the football field? Cannot the press of the world be purged of malice? Cannot children be brought up to love everyone, whether they be English or Russian? If only men were more reasonable ... If only we had more enlightened self-interest ... Instruments of unimaginable horror are being manufactured, while what we ought to do is to discover 'ways by which mankind can be induced to allow itself to be happy'. Religion is no good, nor is any other enthusiasm: 'What I wish to maintain', says Lord Russell, 'is that all faiths do harm'. All that is needed is a little common sense. But how can we inject it? How, indeed!

To converse with a man of great intelligence is always a delight, and when we read the works of Lord Russell we feel ourselves in his presence. We hear that rather high-pitched voice and clipped speech. We enjoy his asides, his digs, his jokes about Hell, and his jibes at the folly of mankind. But what is the use of it all?

Soldiers Bathing and Other Poems

By F. T. Prince. Fortune Press. 6s.

Mr. Prince is a poet whose talent has suffered the blight of academicism. The poet to whom literature is concentrated, living experience, as it has been to T. S. Eliot and in his own eccentric way to Ezra Pound, cannot be expected to occur very often: and a don with an impulse to write verse must be extremely self-disciplined in order to discover how much of his reading is any use to him in writing poetry. This, in the present state of literary study, may be an inhumanly difficult task. Mr. Prince, for instance, writes very good pastiche of metaphysical love-poetry—so good that it very nearly catches fire as fresh art.

February is the shortest month and good
For this too, that we shall be one
With the campaigning season and, that done,
If I go where I would not by the way
I would not, on my journey I may say
That as it was, it will be, and I should
Come back the way I would to where I would.

Royal marriages were celebrated so,
Before the year's intrigues began.
A royal woman and a man
Were joined like puppets to beget a love
Imputed by the plot, and set to move
Apart, together, as you come, I go
To the unknown the way I do not know.



Henry Cecil

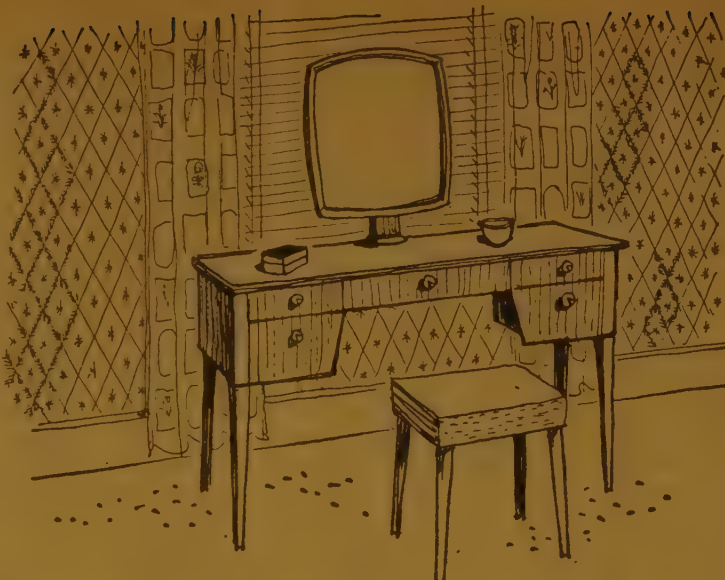
ACCORDING TO THE EVIDENCE

10s. 6d.

P. G. WODEHOUSE writes: 'I devoured it at a sitting, of course, and my verdict is that it is the best he has done. This one has even more laughs in it than NO BAIL FOR THE JUDGE and suspense!'

ELIZABETH BOWEN says in the *Tatler*: 'Another of this author's first-rate intellectual entertainments, full of characters, spattered with legal wit . . . The suspense, though lightened by comic interludes, is extreme.'

CHAPMAN & HALL



Can you live with it?

The quality of the wood will go a long way to answering that question. We use good woods in all our furniture, letting the natural beauty of the timber speak for itself.

Quite often people tell us they would be very glad to live with our furniture. 'But', they say, 'I'm afraid you're too expensive for me'. It isn't true, you know. In good furnishing houses in most parts of the country you will find Gordon Russell dining room, bedroom and occasional furniture which, though it is made to the same general standards as our handmade furniture, is not at all expensive.

Write for the name of your nearest stockist.

good furniture need not be expensive



Gordon Russell Limited

BROADWAY • WORCESTERSHIRE

CRC 73

"Authors in Focus" July 26—

Psychical Research Today

D. J. WEST

'Valuable and fascinating book.'
SUNDAY TIMES.

'The great value of this book lies in Dr. West's approach. He is at once healthily sceptical, and at the same time can remain open-minded. After so many over-credulous, fantastic, cloud-cuckoo-land books on quasi-mystical subjects, such a hard inquiring mind inspires confidence.'

JOHN O'LONDON'S WEEKLY.

'Refreshingly well-documented and unsensational.' TIMES EDUCATIONAL.

Contents: Spontaneous Psychic Impressions—Séance Room Phenomena—The Psychology of Mediumship—The Extra-Sensory Powers of Mediums—The Beginnings of Experimental Research—Discoveries in E.S.P. Research—Further Developments in E.S.P. Research—Fresh Light on Old Beliefs: Dowsing, Haunts and Poltergeists, Stigmatization, Stage Telepathy, E.S.P. in Animals—Theories and Prospects. Eight pages of photographs. Index. 12s. 6d. net

Gerald Duckworth & Co. Ltd.
3 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.2

MSS

DISK and TAPE RECORDING EQUIPMENT

You can be certain that MSS Recording Equipment will give true-to-life sound reproduction to satisfy the highest professional demands—for it is the finest equipment available.

That is why it is used by so many of the World's leading recording and broadcasting companies—in addition to its wide use in the spheres of music, industry, science, or oratory and teaching.

The MSS range of recording equipment extends from DISK and MAGNETIC TAPE recorders for professional and domestic use, to complete studio disk equipment for broadcasting purposes. Illustrated here is the portable Tape Recorder PMR/3 (top left) and (below) the portable Disk Recorder PR4/C.

MSS also make high quality recording tape for studio and

instrumentation use, and disks for every recording and processing purpose.

Further information—including catalogues and price lists for all MSS products—is available on request.

If you have any problems connected with recording you may find it of advantage to discuss them with us. We have special facilities for development and research work.

Four Grades save you cost. A grading system based on selection enables you to choose the right priced disk for the job. For example, top grade disks must be beyond reproach in appearance as well as performance, and are, therefore, selected to conform to extra stringent standards of quality.



Only by manufacturing their own magnetic tape can MSS be certain that the quality of the tape matches that of their recording machines. It can be supplied in the following lengths: 2,400 ft., 1,200 ft., 600 ft., 300 ft.



PHONE
COLNBROOK
284



MSS RECORDING COMPANY LIMITED
POYLE CLOSE, COLNBROOK, BUCKS, ENGLAND

MANUFACTURERS OF SOUND RECORDING EQUIPMENT

Contractors to
THE ADMIRALTY
GENERAL POST OFFICE
MINISTRY OF SUPPLY and
BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION

That's in your arms, where now you know, and why,
The war will happen for this year,
And we between us get and bear
Whatever is to be when we have been:
That you may not be but the winter-queen
Of schism in Bohemia, nor I
Elector of an exile where I'll die. . . .

Some readers may feel that these verses are more than brilliant. The author in any case deserves every sympathy, for he is the last person who can reasonably be expected to make the distinction firmly, in his own work, between first-rate faking and the real thing.

But there would be little point in writing about Mr. Prince's second book if he had not in fact acquired a reputation, and if he were not still capable of conveying first-hand experience. His title-piece is one of the finest English war-poems of the present generation: a generation, it is true, that has produced no great war poetry. 'Apollo and the Sibyl' is a *tour de force* containing lines of imaginative power.

Thyme, tufa, sage, anemone,
And we heard that music singing.
The sea, the heavens, and all rivers
Standing still to listen, the bare mountain
Bulging in delight
Rose hugely to heaven, dark-grey lump uplifting
Height on height,
Up crags and winding levels,
Up paths and pathless rocks, to the bald crown
Stamped down by the winged hoof:
Clear water gushes from that blow,

Voices of those who are to die sing, shuddering.

The Cumaean Sibyl was loved in her youth by Apollo, who offered to grant any wish she might express. She asked to live as many years as there were grains in a certain heap of dust, but forgot to ask for enduring youth. This too would have been granted her, if she had accepted Apollo's love. Refusing it, she lived on to become a prophetess, and at last only a voice, haunting her cave at Cumae.

Sad sapphire, soft as cloud
Drizzles on glass-grey waters.
'And are you sad, and are you satisfied?'
'I am sad, but I am not satisfied'.
Gold eagles hover in the grey,
Goats climb up crumbling gypsum . . .

The book ends with a series of translations from St. John of the Cross, in which Mr. Prince attempts to reproduce the effect of the Spanish rhythms in a stanza of Crashaw's.

The Tigers of Trengganu

By Lt.-Col. A. Locke.

Museum Press. 16s.

Colonel Locke has written a most remarkable book; he has a thrilling story to tell, and he tells it well, with a direct terseness that heightens its dramatic effect—it is as exciting as Jim Corbett's books or *The Maneaters of Tsavo*. Trengganu is a remote state in north-eastern Malaya, and there Colonel Locke served as Government Administrative Officer for three years from 1949 to 1951. He found that it devolved upon him to protect his people not only from the activities of jungle terrorists but from the attentions of cattle-killing and man-eating tigers.

The book is not, however, a record of tiger-hunting for sport, for the author never attempted to kill a tiger unless he had received complaints about it and was satisfied that it was making a nuisance of itself. He says, 'I have rarely shot a tiger without a pang of regret that another courageous, strong and graceful creature has died', and deplores the fact that nearly everyone in Malaya, 'including Europeans, regards every tiger as a potential enemy. They do not seem to know, or care, that the average tiger will flee at the approach of man. Or that most tigers live almost exclusively on the wild pigs which cause more damage to agriculture than any other animal in the country'. He used to call the tigers that kept out of mischief his 'blameless locals'—

they did no harm to anyone and killed no cattle, and he left them alone to lead a peaceful existence, and occasionally by accident to frighten old women hanging out the washing.

In the first part of his book Colonel Locke has brought together a great deal of information about the tigers of Malaya and their habits, on which he comments in an interesting and authoritative way, making a valuable contribution to the natural history of the peninsula. In succeeding chapters he tells of his adventures in tracking down and destroying the animals that were overdoing the toll they took of native cattle; and then follow two chapters of the most hair-raising stories about coping with the man-eaters, sitting up by night—and by day—on flimsy platforms, sometimes not out of reach of the tiger, waiting for the murderer to return to the remains of his victim. The author faced his ordeals with tremendous courage, the more so in that he tells us that he was often very frightened.

A final chapter deals with Malayan superstitions and legends about tigers, and includes an astonishing episode in which a tiger walks up behind a man sitting on a river bank in the moonlight, looks into his face at a distance of a few inches, touching his cheek with its whiskers, and then walks away again. The pugs and marks in the sand, examined a few minutes later, convinced Colonel Locke that what the man said was true. A year later the author asked the man if he had seen a tiger that had been shot, and he replied, 'Have you forgotten that night on the river bank when the tiger kissed me on the cheek, Tuan? . . . I am friendly with tigers and do not care to gaze upon them when they are dead'.

This outstanding book, in which Colonel Locke writes charmingly of Malaya and its inhabitants, human as well as animal, will take its place as one of the finest travel books of recent years.

Archaeology from the Earth

By Sir Mortimer Wheeler.

Oxford. 25s.

This book is about excavation and describes the underlying principles of the art and the method employed by its foremost living exponent. A chapter deals with the history of digging for knowledge (as contrasted with digging for inscriptions and art-objects); then come chapters on chronology and stratigraphy, which is the basis of relative chronology. The rest of the book is devoted to the various problems of an excavator and how they are solved—his preliminary plan of campaign, the different ways of digging different kinds of sites (e.g., buildings, towns, burials), the selection and management of a staff, tools, photography, publication and publicity; ending up with a chapter on 'What are we digging up, and why?'

This is the book of a prophet armed not only with a power of lucid exposition and a full quiver of arrows but protected also by a stout corselet of experience. It fairly represents the state of research and technique in the most advanced regions of north-west Europe in the year 1952. We have travelled far since 1852 when such digging as was done took no account of the positions and associations of objects found, and indeed was dominated by all the wrong ideas. No progress could be made until the collectors, whose zeal for mere acquisition did serve a purpose at the time, were superseded by genuine seekers after knowledge such as Schliemann, Pitt-Rivers, Flinders Petrie, Reisner, and Arthur Evans. Sir Mortimer has hard things to say of some of those who employ other methods—if the word can be used—of digging, but they are justified. Excavation is destruction; and while there are occasions when any sort of supervision is better than none, and the alternative is destruction without record, yet there is now

no excuse for the sort of backwardness displayed everywhere by, for instance, French excavators. The trouble is that they are for the most part smugly unconscious of it, and for such there is no hope of improvement.

What is the future of the past? Can we expect that in the period between now and 2052 progress will be as rapid as during the last century? New techniques as powerful as C14 (radiocarbon dating), air-photography, and the distribution method may be invented. Colour-photography will perhaps gradually supersede the present black-and-white; new precision-timing will supplant the present hit-and-miss methods. But in all practical arts the very rapid progress usually made at the start tends to slow down pretty soon; it seems more likely that the next century will see rather the spread of techniques already practised in north-west Europe and America to the south and east which are still employing methods that were obsolete half a century ago—or no method at all. Jericho has shown what sort of results we may expect when excavators employing the methods here described get to work on an important site in a land of bad excavations. Then there is the whole of 'black' Africa waiting to be dug. In air-photography especially, more regard for photographic technique will produce more satisfactory pictures. But the outlook is not encouraging, and the latest news from Egypt suggests that we may even be moving in the other direction.

Sir Mortimer is well known to the British public because of his success on television. That, however, is an accident of modern conditions, and however popular he may be in this role, it is as an archaeologist of the first rank that his colleagues have elected him President of the Society of Antiquaries. That chair is not usually occupied by a rebel, yet it is as a successful rebel against that Society's own traditions that the author of this book has earned distinction. For this and for many other reasons the book is a landmark in the progress of archaeology. Like all the author's books it is eminently readable, and the illustrations are most amusing.

Nupe Religion. By S. F. Nadel.

Routledge and Kegan Paul. 25s.

The Western Sudan, the wooded grasslands of the interior of West Africa which stretch south of the Sahara for three thousand miles from Cape Verde to Lake Chad, has not been a secluded world. Many of its predominantly negroid peoples have, down the millennia, assimilated foreign ideas, technical, political and mystical, some of them derived across the Sahara from the Mediterranean world and the East. The latest and most obvious of these in the field of belief was Islam, which began to penetrate effectively in the tenth century A.D. and later became the 'state' religion of most of the native kingdoms and transient empires. But Islam in the Western Sudan has always had to share its influence with older and persistent beliefs and ritual practices, thereby producing strange amalgams in tribal or state religions and in the beliefs and practices of village communities. The half a million Nupe-speaking peoples of Nigeria, living north of the lower Niger, on the southern fringes of this great region, are one such people incorporated many centuries ago in a pagan kingdom which was conquered by Moslem Fulani at the beginning of the nineteenth century.

Professor Nadel, who lived among and studied the Nupe for two years as Research Fellow of the International African Institute before the war, has already, in an earlier book, analysed the political and economic life of this Islamic state, known today as the Emirate of Bida. He is here concerned with the systematic analysis of the traditional creeds and cults of the Nupe, of their *raison d'être* in terms of the conditions of

I'm off

to one of

**W.H. SMITH
& SON'S
BOOKSHOPS**

to get a book about it They have
books on every possible subject.



GUINNESS VARIETY PROGRAMME

In Marble Halls

(To the tune of "I dreamt that I dwelt")



I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls

Designed in the very best taste ;
There were pictures by Landseer adorning the walls.
And potted palms prettily placed.
There were butlers and flunkies to do my behest
In a very respectful way ;
And I also dreamt, which pleased me best,
That they gave me a Guinness a day.

Its goodness and flavour quite captured my heart,
I was thrilled by its ruby-like gleam ;
And then, to my sorrow, I woke with a start
And found it was only a dream.
Yet though palaces, pictures and palms, and the rest
That I dreamt of have vanished away,
I can still have the one thing that pleases me best —
I can still have a Guinness a day.

LIFE IS BRIGHTER AFTER GUINNESS



*One of the oldest and soundest Societies
of medium size providing the most attractive
Investment and Mortgage facilities*

THE PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

ESTABLISHED 1848

RATE OF INTEREST TO ALL INVESTORS

2 $\frac{3}{4}$ % NET
PER ANNUM
INCOME TAX PAID BY SOCIETY

Investments may be of any sum from £1 to
£5,000. Interest paid half-yearly. No charges;
no depreciation of Capital; easy withdrawal.

Prospectus sent on request.

PLANET BUILDING SOCIETY

PLANET HOUSE, FINSBURY SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.2
(Tel.: MONarch 8985)

life and patterns of social relations, and also of the extent to which Islam, as an intrusive religion associated with the last pre-colonial rulers and with prestige in the class system, has displaced or modified them. His conversational style and frequent apt illustrations are very effective in building up the significance and the social contexts of the main categories of belief and ritual activity which he discerns as underlying the many and diverse pre-Islamic dogmas, rites and ceremonies of the Nupe.

The Nupe concept of the cosmos is, he considers, fundamentally a-moral. God created the world, giving men access to certain mystical forces, making them at the same time subject to these and leaving them to make what use of such 'powers' and of the 'material' world that they would and could. Of these mystical forces there is first kuti, the compelling power of ritual, believed to be harnessed in varying degree in a multiplicity of rites belonging to persons, communities and associations, and conferring both special benefits or protection and increasing general well-being. At the same time, invocation of the ancestors of kinsfolk, of the people at large and of the ancient rulers can afford some measure of benefit or protection, which can also be gained through a quite separate use of 'medicines' that are believed variously to combine pseudo-therapeutic and magical properties. Finally, the evil power of witchcraft which God also put into the world, has to be discovered, punished and driven out by special rites. Since, moreover, there are these alternatives with reference to both good fortune and bad, divination has a great part to play in determining the rites to be performed in particular situations. And here again there is a choice mainly between an older system widespread in West Africa based on the patterns made by strings of shells when they are thrown, and an Arabic form of geomancy performed only by Moslem 'teachers'.

As a social anthropologist, the author is concerned throughout to analyse the cultural and social conditions that sustain these beliefs and practices; and, while he is here somewhat speculative on occasion, as for example in the lengths to which he presses sex antagonisms among the Nupe and in general as an explanatory principle of ritual symbols and activity, he effectively illustrates how ignorance and uncertainty, the impulse to action and the ambiguity of 'consequences', support belief in mystical powers and endow them with some therapeutic value at the psychological level.

The Social Psychology of Industry

By J. A. C. Brown.

Pelican Library. 2s. 6d.

Motivation and Morale in Industry

By Morris S. Viteles. Staples. 50s.

The theory that money alone will make us work is falsified by common observation almost every day of our lives. Men and women are continually engaging in arduous and revolting activities, not because of what they get out of them in the form of cash—they may even pay for the privilege—but because they consider such activities meritorious in themselves or because they are a means to an end which they believe to be valuable. When, however, it comes to 'work' in the ordinary sense of the word, the activities we engage in to earn our livings, the situation is different. The prevailing mood is: let us get as much as we can for as little as prudence dictates. Such an attitude is obviously not a necessary characteristic of mankind; it has a long history behind it, and one of the great merits of Dr. Brown's admirable book is that he places it in its historical setting. The position was not so serious when there was a

pool of unemployed to draw on; the penalty for not working hard was the sack. Those happy days, to which many employers look back with wistful regret, are now over. The stick is broken, we must look to our carrots. We try out different methods of wage-incentives and we pamper the workers with 'spoon-fed welfare', but paternalism, as Dr. Brown points out, is not enough. Ever since the celebrated Hawthorne investigations, carried out between 1927 and 1932 in America, our attention has been focused on another aspect of the whole work-situation, on the fact that a factory 'is not ordinarily a mass of isolated individuals; it is an integrated pattern of primary work-groups'. This new field of study consists of the relations between workmen who work together, the relations between men at the bench or at the coal face and their immediate supervisors, the relations between the various levels of management; in fact it is concerned with the industrial unit as a network of human relations. Such is the subject matter of Dr. Brown's book, and as a general introduction it could not have been done better.

The details of research, however, cannot take up much room in the breast of a Pelican, and for a more advanced study we turn to the distinguished American industrial psychologist, Professor Viteles. He provides us with a survey of research which is indispensable to the student of industrial morale. In addition to its comprehensiveness it has two further merits. In the first place it brings together a great deal of research carried out in this country, which makes it of special value to the English reader. In the second place Professor Viteles approaches every piece of research with a critical eye. It is important that we should be convinced of the significance of this type of approach to industrial problems, and Dr. Brown persuades us of that, but once this has happened it is equally important that we scrutinise the array of evidence that is put before us so that we shall not be led into wild generalisations. This second step is taken care of by Professor Viteles.

Pietro's Pilgrimage. By Wilfrid Blunt.

James Barrie. 21s.

Travel for its own sake is a comparatively modern phenomenon. Till the end of the sixteenth century travellers made their journeys either as merchants or as pilgrims or for diplomacy, piracy or conquest; and though many of them, like Marco Polo, were gifted with a boundless curiosity and a desire to tell the public of the marvels to be found in strange places, the idea that travel was an object in itself was unknown before the seventeenth century. The most distinguished pioneer of the new type of traveller was the Roman nobleman, Pietro della Valle. He himself lived close enough to the Middle Ages to call himself a pilgrim and to give as the reason for his journeys his desire to pay a pious visit to the Holy Places in Palestine; but in fact that commendable enterprise only formed a small part of his travels and could not serve as an excuse for his journey to Baghdad and on into Persia and India. He went to those countries quite frankly because he wanted to see them and to meet their more glamorous inhabitants, such as the great Shah Abbas, and he recorded his observations and impressions fully and faithfully in a series of letters intended for publication.

The *Viaggi* therefore deserves to be republished, but for one grave disadvantage, its inordinate length. Pietro, as Mr. Blunt points out, never uses one word if he can possibly use two or three; and a book which is about ten times the length of a modern novel is unlikely to find many readers today. Mr. Blunt has therefore performed a kindly service in providing

us with the essence of Pietro's travels in one attractive volume. We thus have an extremely interesting and readable description of the difficulties and pleasures of travel in the East during the seventeenth century—with a love story thrown in, for Pietro's marriage to a charming young Nestorian lady from Baghdad and her tragic death provide a romantic interlude in which most travel books are lacking. Pietro himself emerges as an attractive personality, vain and fussy but courageous, intelligent and urbane.

The Doctor's Disciples. By Frances J.

Woodward. Oxford. 21s.

Miss Woodward curtsies politely, in these readable biographical sketches, to the shade of Lytton Strachey, but she does not follow him in his amusingly unsympathetic treatment of Dr. Arnold. She traces the influence of the doctor on the careers of four of his pupils, Dean Stanley, Clough, Gell, who carried a Rugby torch into the dark places of Tasmania, and William Arnold, the second son of his father, who did the same in India and wrote a once controversial novel, *Oakfield, or Fellowship in the East*.

Religion, naturally, dominated men of this generation and background and Miss Woodward, while trying to be nice to them and generally succeeding, allows herself, here and there, an unfortunate Stracheyan touch. Stanley's theological position, she writes, 'commended itself to the Prince Consort and, so far as she understood it, to the Queen'. Surely the game of pulling the legs of Victorian royalty has lost whatever freshness it had in the 'twenties.

Arnold, she remarks, was 'contentedly unaware' that he had got himself in a muddle about the doctrine of eternal torment and 'a little uneasy' about the doctrine of the Atonement. Readers less accomplished than Miss Woodward evidently is in the art of skating on thin theological ice, may still suspect that Arnold, if he could come back to life, would have something pretty pungent to say for himself on these high matters. But, when she gives her sympathy, insight and knowledge of the period full play, Miss Woodward paints her miniatures delightfully. Her account of Gell's relations with Colenso, that eccentric Bishop of Natal, is the best thing in the book.

The French Revolution 1788-1792

By Gaetano Salvemini. Cape. 18s.

At the time of its first publication in 1907 and subsequently in its successive editions, this work received generous and well-merited tributes from French historical scholars as diverse in their views as Professors Aulard and Mathiez. It is a pleasure to welcome its appearance in English in a first-rate translation by I. M. Rawson of the augmented and revised Italian edition of 1949.

Professor Salvemini's theme may best be described as the decline and fall of the feudal monarchy in France from the accession of Louis XVI to the advent of the first republic. The book is impartial, scholarly, original in its judgements and beautifully constructed. It has the merit of placing the revolution in its wider European setting and of explaining the disintegration of the *ancien régime* in terms of social and political realities. It will appeal to the general reader because its learning is lightly worn and because its explanations are cogent without being laboured. Narrative and analysis are skilfully blended and the author never loses sight of his central theme. Those interested in revolutionary studies may perhaps feel that Professor Salvemini has done less than justice to the more recent findings of French scholars, but they will be grateful for a book which is so consistently stimulating, so individual in its approach, and so independent in its conclusions.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

A Matter of Perspective

EXTRACT FROM my television diary: 'Friday, July 23.—Discussed a new programme development, sitting on the sofa used by Byron at Missolonghi'. Perspective was hardly steadied, that same evening, by the programme about Stonehenge; nor by meeting some of the foreign television producers to whom the B.B.C. has been host. Their talk of the imaginable future was both stimulating and disturbing. Intentions everywhere seem to be sincere enough; the danger is that as a means of mass communication television will too quickly supersede all others



Richard Atkinson (standing) and Glyn Daniel in 'Buried Treasure —Stonehenge', on July 23

and become a medium of mass something-else.

So far as our own television is concerned, no one person, I could believe, has put in more self-sacrificing overtime at helping to fit it into the democratic framework than the present Controller of Programmes, Cecil McGivern. He is soon departing into the wilderness for three months to reflect on television problems. My recent three weeks' solitude on a sunless Norfolk shore yielded only the conviction that the perspectives of our television producers tend to be too grand. Declining to regard television as a toy, they allow themselves to be captivated by the notion of its being a living theatre of enormously consequential possibilities for everybody.

That may or may not be so; and undeniably their ingenuities justify the admiration which they often call forth. In moments of insight one visualises television's documentary course keeping more resolutely to a middle line: on the one hand, the outside transmissions of event and spectacle; on the other, factual programmes treated with the honesty and directness of the afternoon programmes for women. I have been looking at them again. They are most refreshingly uncomplicated. There is no feeling of a producer out to make a reputation, a suspicion often roused by some of the evening programmes, particularly since commercial television became a tempting prospect. They had a talk the other

afternoon about W.V.S. activities in house renovation and decoration; a twopenny-halfpenny affair in documentary terms but making its points without bother and contriving to be completely holding to eye and ear. Do we really need to ask more from television?

Moving up the scale, it was pleasant to see Max Robertson back in 'Panorama'. It is true that he lacks the note of authority for certain topics. Yet no one could have carried off that interview with the near-centenarian, 'dear Mrs. Stringer', with a neater or more warming touch than he. Mrs. Stringer was a television catch-of-the-season. A hundred next April, she must be one of the happiest candidates for the congratulatory telegram from Buckingham Palace that our newly vocal gerontologists have known.

In her bright stout-hearted way, the old lady from Fulham was an inspiration. Another of 'Panorama's' services rendered last week was the dismissal of the hydrogen bomb as a weather factor. After my Norfolk frustrations, I had begun to entertain the thought that there might be something in it, pointer to the unreasoning gloom into which I had been cast. Now I and a few million other viewers can look the unprofessional wiseacres in the eye and tell them that they have it all wrong and why.

The outside event of the week was also an event of the year, the jumping for the King George V Cup at the International Horse Show: terrific! Such penetrating excitement has seldom come to us via the home screen: 'Oh, agony!' was an exclamation in my hearing as Alan Oliver rode out on Red Admiral for his last try against the stolid gallantry of his German rival, Herr Thiedemann. A minute or two earlier, a camera had swung on to Oliver reassuring his *fiancée*, whose bowed head and slumped shoulders told their tale of frayed nerves, a strikingly successful if somewhat cheeky bit of television opportunism. It was none of us viewers' business, but some of us were made uncomfortable by the public-address 'heart-in-boots' comments which can hardly have failed to increase the self-consciousness of riders in those critical minutes. But no doubt the owner of the voice was as much on edge as the rest of us.

Not surprised to hear of the depreciating clamour which has assailed the ears of Tahu

Hole, head of the B.B.C. News Service, since he took charge of 'News and Newsreel', I refrain from adding to it in the hope that he is engaged in a process of improvement as well as repentance. In my gentlest tone, I wish to say that to expect many of us to regard as screen-filling news the fact that a champion girl tennis player has broken her leg and that a champion jockey is feeling better after a fall is to stretch the expediency of 'still' pictures on television ridiculously far.

Watching the geography puzzle game, 'Where on Earth?' I was sorry that the producer had not thought of putting Osbert Lancaster in the chair and Julian Duguid on the panel. The total effect might have been less ponderous. The Stonehenge programme, 'Buried Treasure', was fascinating. So is the new interlude film of the white kitten. A moving moment in a programme outside my mandate also insists on being remembered, the young paralysed Pamela Russell reciting 'If', and giving it a pristine freshness of utterance that dissolved the verdigris of scorn which has overlain Kipling's most travestied poem. Did she, I wondered, know that he was one of the great sufferers too?

REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Thick Ice

UNLOVED IN THORNTON HEATH, I stand bloody but unbowed and address myself to the task of criticising more deeply, more aptly. Unblessed by scholarship, with little save my mother wit to guide me, I plunge (or perhaps 'glide' is the apter word) into the histrionic complexities and theatrical subtleties of the dramatic climax of the week, climax of the wettest Sunday some of us remember in a month of same, namely 'The White Horse Inn on Ice'. Putting it at the very lowest, it was sheer pleasure to see firm ice, not mud nor sopping lawns, beneath the players' feet, which have never seemed to move so fleetingly: at its highest, as when Belita, Miss Jepson Turner, spun like a mixture of Aphrodite and a revolving bookcase, the show was, as they say, breath-taking.

We were constantly told that we missed a lot by not seeing the colours; indeed the choreographer Miss Pauline Grant was urged to tell us 'in her own words' during the interval about a ballet we had not been shown because its colours were thought to be all important. But about this I remain sceptical: the raspberry and eau de nil searchlights which usually illumine drama on ice are not to everyone's taste (if we are still allowed to differ in that particular). Generally the line and thrust of the skating came over well enough for us to forget our colour blindness, and much of the dancing on ice makes earthbound ballet look both cramped and timid. Belita's gyrations in that ballet with cupids in it was sensational in a manner worthy of the flashiest ballets at the Bolshoi Theatre, Moscow. No wonder the crowd roared.

If I am not giving offence, I would, however, venture to suggest that the dramatic element in 'The White Horse Inn' is rendered more, not less, fragile when mouthed at us in close-up and yelled into the cavernous vault by amplified voices from afar. Some of the jokes thus enlarged startle rather than amuse.



As seen by the viewer: left, Miss Pat Smythe on 'Tosca' at the International Horse Show on July 20; right, Mrs. Stringer of Fulham, aged ninety-nine, in 'Panorama', on July 21

Photographs: John Cura

But I may have missed the point again. I seem to remember Lea Seidl giving the part of Josephina more snap and sparkle, as well as some fine singing, not here vouchsafed. Indeed the musical side (in judging which I am on thicker ice) struck me as feeble. But at least the cut and thrust of the dialogue was reinforced by a commentator, so that even a critic as obtuse as I could hardly go wrong. A commentator is perhaps what we should always have. He should be tried when Ibsen or Chekhov is next on the bill: a commentator who can say what will happen next, interview the principals at half time and tell us their ages, weights and home towns as they enter—how that would cheer up, say, 'Hedda Gabler'. Perhaps Uncle Lima from Mr. Foa's recent 'Cavalleria Rusticana' could take an evening off to oblige.

But, as I said earlier, the best of it lay in the movement—especially Belita's backward gliding, though her flared skirt looked prettiest when it was not over the back of her head revealing what comedians in Saturday-night variety would call her unawares. One was moved to reflect even on a Sunday evening that the day of the *cancan* is long past.

For the rest of the dancing, it was likable enough, though more might have been made from a television angle of the Schuhplättler

greatly honoured but at least we were privileged to set eyes on that most legendary of impresarios, Mr. Sol Hurok.

Comedy other than clowning does not flourish on the icefield. Max Wall made something of milking a two-man cow, and Grock's nephew, one Noberti, made the audience really laugh by doubling himself up and squeezing his person through a cylinder which looked at first too small even to take his head. Such tricks are an art we can never see enough of. They linger happily in the mind.

Nothing much from Saturday's variety bill lingered in the mind. Scott Sanders was his old self, Tommy Trinder his new one;

though the sad, cheerful-leering London face is always unchanged. He seemed to find it hard to divide his attention between us and the audience he could see, which is always unsettling to the home viewer, and seemed uncertain how his effects were 'working', as if he had little faith in the cameramen: in which he was needlessly anxious: the best of him was being faithfully enough transmitted to the millions.

Sam Wanamaker's solo on Sunday was a curious business. Quite often we seemed nearer to Groucho Marx than to Anton Chekhov, and I have the strongest doubts about the propriety of acting opposite to your own recorded voice. Like those strange gramophone records made by the late Elisabeth Schumann whereon she sang duets with herself, this sketch

showed the gifted American Jewish actor giving himself his own *répliques*. But could he hear these, as we did? The mystery of circuits and talk-backs remains for me impenetrable, but it would not surprise me to learn that in fact the actor was memorising what his recorded voice was saying to him. It looked like this, at least.



'The Peach Garden' on July 19, with (left to right) Lian-Shin Yang as Siê-Thao, Wolfe Morris as Ming-Y, and Mei Ling Lee as maidservant to Siê-Thao

Somewhere in the experiment, the vital spark of communication had been smothered (as happened, I remember, with Ruth Draper). We watched Mr. Wanamaker's wig, his eyes, and his repertory of character gestures, but never quite made contact. Still, it was a change from parlour games and sliding.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Sun and Cloud

THERE WE WERE, in the warm orange sunlight of a Spanish afternoon. Everything was ready, and we waited for 'The Marvellous Shoemaker's-Wife' (Third) and for a flood of releasing laughter. The title seemed odd, but then this was a translation of a play by Lorca. Remembering other sessions with Lorca we felt that laughter might be uneasy. Before we could say (very properly) 'Knife', the old dragon of 'Bernarda Alba' or one of those desperate young men of 'Blood Wedding' might rush in and—as someone says in another play—'all things that we ordained festival turn from their office to black funeral'. Nothing like this happened. All that did happen was the escape of the elderly shoemaker from his shrewish, capricious young wife, and his return to her—after a suitable lapse of time—as a black-bearded showman with a ballad about 'a fair-haired woman and



Sam Wanamaker in Chekhov's 'A Tragedian in Spite of Himself', on July 25

dancers. These, however, fared better, tele-visually, than the Scots guardsman whose sword-dancing was dragged in to enliven the melancholy 'Guess My Story' and whose footwork the cameras seemed to find impossibly elusive. However, the occasion was not without value: the Brigade of Guards may not have been



Scene from 'White Horse Inn on Ice', televised from the Empress Hall, London, on July 25

her patient little husband' that appeared to remind the wife of her domestic situation. 'What a life I'm going to lead you from now on!' she cried, constant in anger as in marital faith, when she knew the truth at last. And, again. 'How miserable I am!'

This reached us as a pleasant little fantasy; but we did not want to laugh. We listened as if a meandering story-teller were relating an amiable folk-tale. Now and again a line had, in the context, a sense of wild comedy ('Everyone in the Philippines is a shoemaker'). Nothing caused us to shake, or the radio set to sway. We felt all the while that this was a play for visual pleasure, that its translation had little verbal sting, and that its choice for sound radio was not very wise. We wanted to see what was going on: to mark those gossiping neighbours in their red, yellow, black, mauve, and green. Surely this was comedy for the patterns of the stage? Certainly we had the Spanish sunlight, but the play lacked vigour of projection: it remained for me a quaint, stilted anecdote (with one helpful burst of verse in which we could recognise the translator's cunning of Roy Campbell). In spite of the vitality of Mary Wimbush as the wife who idealised her husband when he was not there, and the tones of Willoughby Gray (the shoemaker who seemed at first to be as shy a man as Colman's Mr. Oakly), I was not tempted to laughter, to the tears that are sometimes so close, or to the building of any cloud-castle in Spain.

On the other hand, Nigel Balchin's 'The Small Back Room' (Home) turned into first-rate radio. I did not hear it in 1948. This newly cast revival was as taut as any fiddlestring. Peter Watts, who made the version and who produced, kept the prickling atmosphere of one of those establishments—so sharply realised by Balchin—in which the slippery yes-man must inevitably conquer, and the spirit of the usual office revolution is caught in the line, 'I suppose they'll have to muck it about a bit to show they're in charge'. All of this is excellent: and even better is the extraordinary suspense of the last section in which Sammy Rice—Sebastian Shaw got that edgy voice to a hair—is coping with the butterfly bomb on the sands. This had one listener gummed to his radio set. David Enders and Hugh Moxey helped an exciting production. (Incidentally, I did not count the number of times someone 'sweated' during the play. It is curious to find how one word can hypnotise a writer.)

In another way, it was exciting to have 'The Book of Job' (Home) in an arrangement by Earle Grey and Geoffrey Dearmer. It kept the most majestic verse, though I mourned now and then the loss of phrases from the Authorised Version: 'Arcturus with his sons' which became 'The Bear with his train', and 'clothed his neck with thunder' which dwindled to the R.V.'s 'with the quivering mane'. But those are mild personal foibles. 'Job', as voiced by Ralph Truman, Godfrey Kenton, and others, held its surge and roll. I had a small regret: that the words 'with the skin of my teeth' were not newly burnished for us. It is hard sometimes to hear freshly these fine phrases that have passed into everyday language (nearly always a Macduff will flick off his 'one fell swoop').

I was glad to catch the veterans of 'Just Fancy' (Home) as they sunned themselves on what they hoped fondly was a day trip to France. They remind me of the gayer autumn leaves that drift slowly from a very fine tree to settle snugly together on the turf. These are the mellowest few minutes on radio. To hear the dear people asking whether So-and-So was the Mayor of Folkestone or the Archdeacon of Rangoon ('Well! That's news to me!') is to want to chip in with some quite unvarnished information, just to join the party. We were

under the sun of India in Paul Scott's 'The Alien Sky' (Home), which came to me, at first hearing, as rather tiresomely complicated.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Suiting the Accent to the Word

BEING READ ALOUD TO has surely been for millions of men and women one of their earliest and latest entertainments. The child who has begun to talk can be persuaded by a grown-up with a book to stop hammering wooden pegs into a board and sit silent, pleased and bemused, listening to the voice of the charmer. That the text should be understandable is not in the first stage important. What is important is that the grown-up is being monopolised. But later, when meaning begins to percolate, the young listener is apt to insist that the story shall always be the same, and this shows that a critic has been born: the reader's technique is being appreciated. A little later new stories are tolerated and then actually preferred. The creature has begun to discriminate between themes. At this stage it is pertinent to ask that question which illustrates the curious English treatment of prepositions: 'What did you choose that book to be read out of to for?' But it is unlikely that in these early years even the most precocious listener will carry criticism to the length of insisting that the style of the writing requires an appropriate style of reading. That will come, if ever, with riper years.

For those of us who have extended our listening beyond the confines of 'Children's Hour' the B.B.C. has recently been catering very liberally in the department of story-reading. From Monday to Friday during the past and present week, Roger Delgado has been giving morning readings from the unpublished autobiography of Hilary Marquand which he wrote a century ago in a large exercise-book to while away the long hours at sea during voyages to the West Indies, India, and the China Seas. These, written in the careful, pleasantly pedantic style typical of amateur writers of the period, make enjoyable and often exciting listening, and Mr. Delgado reads them with an appropriate tinge of punctiliousness.

Nothing could be in greater contrast than 'The Unsought Farm' by Monica Edwards, which describes in easy-going conversational style the season-to-season life of a small family on their newly established farm. Mary O'Farrell is reading extracts from it in bouts of fifteen minutes each, in 'Break for Summer' on the Light Programme, and listening to her is like listening to a first-rate pianist playing a set of very simple pieces. They make no demands on her virtuosity, but I enjoyed observing the perfect tact and judgement with which she performed them.

Wilkie Collins demands more of his reader in the way of execution. His story, 'Mr. Lepel and the Housekeeper', read in five instalments, was the Light Programme 'Book at Bedtime' for last week. Although he was slightly senior to Hilary Marquand, he wielded the freer, more modern style of the professional writer. Yet to our ears the style in this story has its pedantry: there is a melodramatic ring in its emotional passages and something a little stagy in its drama, though the tale keeps a firm hold on our interest. James McKechnie subtly underlined these characteristics in his reading.

Another excellent example of suiting the accent to the word was Felix Felton's treatment of a selection from the poetry of Charles Churchill. Laying aside the suave urbanity of the Mayor of Toytown, he assumed an acid snarl which startlingly conveyed the violent satire of the verse, while he carefully observed its formal rhythms. These readings illustrated a

talk by Douglas Grant on the young poet, the exact contemporary of Cowper, who was the friend of John Wilkes and with him a member of the notorious Hell Fire Club. His life was a short and a wild one. At sixteen he made a 'Fleet marriage', was for a time a curate, then, on coming into a little money, abandoned wife and the cloth, became a man about town, violently attacked Hogarth, Dr. Johnson, and other notabilities in his verse, and died in 1764 at the age of thirty-two.

In the second of four talks called 'The Traveller's Eye' Clifford Hornby spoke of 'Ceylon: the Happy Island'. He is a skilful word-painter as well as a good broadcaster and he gave us a dazzling impression of scenes, people, and a brilliant religious procession which included a gorgeously caparisoned sacred elephant. Four days later W. G. Beasley, who has lived for some time in Japan, took us through less exotic but no less vivid scenes in his account of an expedition to the old port of Hirado, 'North of Nagasaki', where an English ship, the first of various European trading vessels, dropped anchor 341 years ago.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

Operatic Diary

AN OPERA A NIGHT! The best way to cope with such a mass of material will be to give extracts from my diary for the week:

Saturday: 'Don Giovanni' at Glyndebourne. A hearing in the theatre did not substantially modify my impression of the previous broadcast. But the opera was so well acted that the performance seemed a great deal better than one would have suspected on the evidence of the broadcast alone. Apart from Benno Kusche, whose Leporello is the very paragon of comic, unscrupulous valets, the best singing came from Anny Schlemm (Zerlina) and Sena Jurinac (Elvira), though she did not seem entirely happy in the part. Her triumph was achieved the night before in 'Ariadne auf Naxos', when she gave a performance as the Composer which no one who heard it will ever forget. She managed, too, to look like a young man of genius—a figure rarely presented convincingly on the stage. To revert to 'Don Giovanni', Margaret Harshaw sang the more delicate passages and *coloratura* in Anna's music with finish and beautiful tone, but her voice lacks the heroic 'edge' and she could not produce the legato phrasing for 'Non mi dir'. James Pease looked every inch a Don Giovanni and acted splendidly—if only he commanded a comparable vocal style! An excellent Masetto (Thomas Hemsley), a dignified Commendatore (Hervey Alan), and Leopold Simoneau, whose voice has hardened and whose phrasing has stiffened since I first heard him four years ago, completed the company.

Sunday: 'Madam Butterfly' (Home Service), as to which, being of Busoni's opinion, I was not sorry to be at Glyndebourne for 'The Rake's Progress' (v. Saturday below).

Monday: 'Arlecchino' at Glyndebourne (Third). Busoni's squib at the expense of war-mongers, operatic tenors, Germans, and the other *bêtes noires* in his large collection, seemed better in the theatre (after dinner too) than it did at home as a curtain-raiser to 'Ariadne'. The music is dry and recondite, at least up to the entry of Leandro, whose burlesque vendettaria was grand fun to hear, but even better fun to see as well. The best music follows in the long *ensemble* culminating in Leandro's removal in the providential donkey-cart. In the theatre the piece was acted, produced, and staged with such brilliant invention that the poverty of the music, as music, mattered little. Murray Dickie's tenor with Caruso-moustache (if not quite Caruso-voice) was a superb caricature.

Tuesday: 'Un giorno di regno' (Third). Verdi's early, and until 'Falstaff' arrived more than fifty years later, only comedy proved much better than one had expected. The libretto (by Romani) is superior to the common run of such confections, with some admirable comic situations. Of course, it is, soberly considered, nonsense; but so is every *opera buffa*. Sung by a first-rate cast headed by Pagliughi herself, the piece certainly deserved its airing.

Wednesday: 'Antigone' (London Regional), an interesting attempt to turn Sophocles' drama into radio-opera. Excellent performances by Joan Cross (Antigone) and Redvers Llewellyn (Creon) in their well-written parts showed that John Joubert is yet another promising colt in our operatic stable.

Thursday: 'Tannhäuser' from Bayreuth—in

all its plush-covered entirety. Performance was generally excellent, all the men being good, especially Vinay and Fischer-Dieskau, though the latter once more manifested his inability to produce a good *mezzo voce* tone. Neither Elisabeth nor Venus was first-rate. The orchestra was magnificent wherever there was anything to be magnificent about, and for the rest gave a sound, if not particularly exciting performance under Keilberth's careful direction. It was good to hear the fanfares before the acts and such a fine bevy of hunting-horns on the stage.

Friday: 'Relâche'—which a cynic once pronounced to be his favourite opera.

Saturday: 'The Rake's Progress' from Glyndebourne. Like 'Arlecchino' Stravinsky's opera loses enormously from being heard unseen. In the theatre it makes an effective, though

sometimes unpleasant, entertainment, and one can admire the excellence of the acting and production and Osbert Lancaster's sets. In a broadcast much of the music sounds jejune and unattractive, though I cannot agree that Stravinsky has set the English text badly. The whole cast was excellent, but I may particularise Marina de Gabarain, new to the grotesque part of Baba, which she contrived to make positively attractive; Hugues Cuenod, who gave a brilliantly comic study of the auctioneer; and, above all, Richard Lewis who has added first-rate comic acting to his other attainments. His old Tenor in the Prologue to 'Ariadne', Bacchus in the opera itself, and Tom Rakewell, all finely realised as characters, showed his remarkable range and versatility.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

The Music of Arthur Benjamin

By SCOTT GODDARD

The first London performance of Benjamin's Symphony will be broadcast at 9.15 p.m. on Friday, August 6 (Home)

FOR the tidy mind twentieth-century British music is a tetchy business. There is no orderly development. Nothing is in place. There is no definite leadership nor anything that could be called a school. There are, it seems, too many individualists at work. Bax, Rubbra, Berkeley, Fricker, what common denominator could account for their style?

Thus to the onlooker from outside, especially one of a Teutonic upbringing, there appears nothing but confusion. The various elements war each against each; there is no continuity from one generation to the next. It is a comfortless outlook for a tidy mind to contemplate. Only one thing is certain, that there is nothing that can be labelled as twentieth-century British style. In the recent half-century that started with Vaughan Williams and ended with the music of Rawsthorne's, Tippett's, and Britten's maturity we have seen perpetual change operating through a succession of highly individual talents, with very tenuous links of influence one to the other. What connection is there between the work of any of the men mentioned above with, let us say, Bliss or Bush? And how does Arthur Benjamin's music fit in here? Where does it belong, in the sense that some of Finzi's music belongs to Vaughan Williams or some of Walton's to Elgar?

The answer in Benjamin's case appears to be that his music fits in the half-century here only because there is no general style and therefore no set category and so there is room for all; and that it belongs to no group. It would be difficult to discover its roots and useless to dig for them only in the music of this country. Australian by birth, a Jew by race, educated musically primarily in London, a widely travelled man, Benjamin is cosmopolitan to a degree no other British creative musician of this day has reached. Lambert had strong French affinities and leanings towards American Negro music and these colour his work. But in 'Summer's Last Will and Testament' there is evidence enough that his roots were not in Paris nor yet in Harlem but in London. Benjamin is much more a man of the world, a wider world than Lambert's. Goossens comes nearest in cosmopolitanism to Benjamin. But he is securely rooted in the rich romanticism of the late nineteenth century; whereas Benjamin, who can play the Strauss game as well as the next, has taken the Jamaican rumba within his purview. After that he will hardly be expected to root himself in nineteenth-century romanticism.

It will be seen, therefore, that Benjamin's

interests are wide. This brings with it a breadth of understanding of other men's techniques which is probably due to the Jew in him and which may well work against the expression of individuality. It also brings with it, however, a tolerance and, as his pupils testify, an unusual perceptiveness of their own aspirations. It is this conscious realisation of other technical methods, the way other composers reach their aim, and an unconscious imitative urge that gives a work like his 'Overture to an Italian Comedy' both its brilliance as technique and its brittle expressiveness. The further Benjamin gets away from this kind of quick effectiveness the nearer he comes to an individual style, such as can be heard in his Symphony.

When that work was first heard at the Cheltenham Festival (1948), it struck the present writer with its serious, urgent manner. A single hearing was not enough to discover all this Symphony had to say.

It bears the date 1944-45, was written in Canada, and is evidently a document of the times, expressing the composer's reactions to events that were crowding in upon humanity then. Benjamin avails himself of the symphonic writer's prerogative to present large problems and to discuss them at length and in depth.

This is to be an imposing structure, an extensive symphonic design. So much is apparent from the outset, the opening phrase, a succession of spreading 'cello arpeggio' figures, which instantly holds our attention. It is a telling paragraph. And when it is taken up again as the movement draws to a close, it easily reasserts its impressive character. With it, however, there goes another, nearly related but distinct, arpeggio figure and that too plays a large part in the Symphony. It bears the relationship of a harsh commentator on the generous, almost warm-hearted eloquence of the first theme for 'cellos. That might be called the noble arpeggio and the second the strident arpeggio. The two reappear many times. It is in the contest of those two themes that the main force of the drama in this Symphony expends itself.

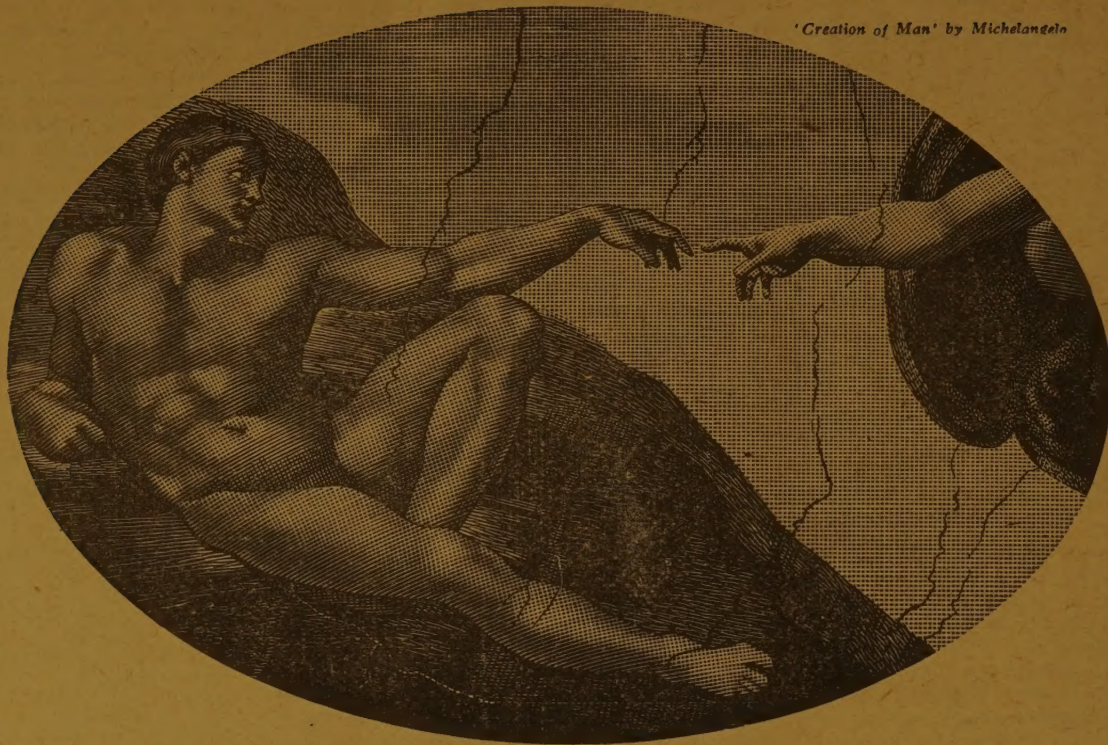
The succeeding scherzo, marked *Presto leggiero*, is light but not gay. It is remembered from the Cheltenham performance as a cool movement, the play of shadows under a chill wind; so that a harsh fanfare for brass, after the first section has been displayed, comes as no surprise. Nor does the slow movement that follows markedly warm the temperature of the music; its character is that of a threnody. And it is the chill sound of a muted trumpet that ends this *Adagio appassionato* with the distant wail of

the acrid, strident arpeggio theme. We are reminded again that this Symphony is above all else an acute and lively comment upon harsh events. So it remains to the end.

Benjamin's Symphony sends one back to other orchestral works written by him both before and after. Among them it appears as the most imposing of his larger works. It gives the impression of being the work of a man deeply involved in considerations of great import, aware of the human dilemma and striving to come to some feasible, helpful conclusion about it. Such ideas are the proper province of the writer of symphonies or indeed of symphonic music as a whole. One expects them less, however, in a concerto; though why that should be is not clear, considering the profundities with which Mozart and Beethoven, and nearer our time Busoni, enriched the concerto as they envisaged it. But such things are not absolute necessities and Benjamin eschews them generally in his concertos.

The Violin Concerto (1931) is a fairly stern, rather brittle, work, certainly what is called serious music. The Viola Concerto (1943) touches on fairly deep-lying thoughts; but as in the other concerto the touch is light. Both works keep to the accepted idea of a concerto as a vehicle for displaying solo music in the first place. When Benjamin revisited his native Australia in 1950 he took with him the 'Concerto quasi una Fantasia' for piano and orchestra, a true display work, one which vindicated his right to be considered one of the foremost craftsmen of the day in this type of work. With this particular example of his concerto writing he, who had started as an infant pianoforte prodigy, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his first appearance in that role.

Among these large-scale works, others of a lighter character and smaller scope show his skill and ingenuity and the wide range of his taste. Two may be mentioned in this connection as prime examples of his technical ability. There is the 'North American Square Dance' suite for orchestra, which is a brilliantly orchestrated set of eight movements based on old-time fiddle tunes from Canada and the United States. And in the 'Light Music' suite for orchestra a similar verve and gaiety pervade the music. Such works as these are not the least valuable contribution he has made to British music, where the writing of good light music has been a comparatively rare activity. In this type of music Benjamin has shown that there is opportunity for skill and subtlety, and his success has been considerable.



'Creation of Man' by Michelangelo

Life is a privilege

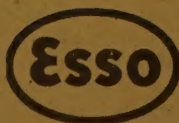
RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882)

Life is a dream, a jest, a burden, we have been told; it has even been called 'a long headache in a noisy street'. It can be all these things; and it can be more. Life, for anyone, is first of all an opportunity; to dream if we wish, or to create; to plod along, or to soar; to complain, or to serve.

The lives of organisations can be as various as those of individuals. Some follow placidly in the steps of centuries; others must ceaselessly advance if they are to survive at all. But in the industrial world of to-day, there is no such choice of philosophy: each industry must constantly be seeking new methods, new tasks, and new markets.

Life is a guess, a trial, a challenge.

Life is a privilege.



Esso Petroleum Company, Limited

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

HOME-MADE WINES

A WINE that is always pleasing is dandelion or, as we have translated it, Lion's Tooth. It is easy to make and, if you keep it long enough, can have quite a bite. This is what you will need:

- 3 quarts of flowers
- 1 gallon of water
- 3 lb. of sugar
- 2 lemons
- 1 orange
- 1 oz. of yeast
- 1 lb. of raisins

The strength depends very much on the amount of sugar you use. If you want only 10 per cent. alcoholic content, you would cut the amount of sugar down to 1½ lb.

When everything is ready, and not before, gather the flowers—just the heads. Put them into a good-sized bowl or tub, boil the water and pour it over the flowers. Cover up with some mutton-cloth or muslin and leave for three days, simply stirring each day with a spoon, a wooden one for choice. After the three days, put the 3 lb. of sugar in and just the rinds of the lemons and the orange. Put the whole mixture into a pan and boil it gently for about an hour. Put it all back into the bowl and add the pulp of the lemons and the orange.

When it is cool, in goes the yeast. The easiest and best way to do this is to make a piece of toast, slightly burnt, spread the yeast on it, and put it in. Leave it alone for another three days, covered over, of course. Then strain it and pour into your bottles. Do not quite fill them. Divide the raisins equally between the bottles and put them in. Watch the fermentation, and

when it has really stopped you can cork down tightly. By Christmas you should have a pleasant drink, looking rather like whisky. It is supposed to have healthful properties, too, especially for the liver.

A wine you can make and drink at once is balm and rhubarb. You will need:

- 2 lb. of rhubarb
- ½ lb. of balm leaves
- 1 gallon of water
- ½ oz. of citric acid
- 1½ lb. of demerara sugar
- ½ oz. of yeast

Cut up the rhubarb, wash the balm leaves, and put rhubarb, balm, and a gallon of cold water into a pan and boil for half an hour. Strain it into a bowl. Put in the citric acid and demerara sugar. Spread the yeast on toast and pop it in. Cover it up and leave it a good twenty-four hours for working. You can then skim it and bottle, and, if you wish, drink it at once.

BILL HARTLEY

FRENCH BEANS

By gastronomes' standards, French beans should be very tiny—minute, in fact. When they are as small as this, naturally they require very little cooking. Have a large saucepan full of water—salted water—and as soon as it boils, plunge the beans into it, and do not put the lid over. Allow them to boil for seven to eight minutes, until tender. Then remove the pan from the heat immediately, and strain the beans well. Add butter, a little salt and pepper, and serve

them like that. There is another method of garnishing the cooked beans which I often use. Toss ½ oz. of shallots in butter with a sprinkling of chopped parsley for two to three minutes. Place the cooked beans in this butter and reheat them for a few moments. Cooked for only a few minutes like that they keep that lovely fresh green; but one of the tricks for enhancing this vivid green colour is very simple. As soon as the beans have been boiled, plunge them directly into iced water—that is, a bowl of water with a block or a few cubes of ice in it. The reaction of the hot and the cold has the power of reviving the colour. Then reheat the beans in butter or in a sauce.

JEAN CONIL

Notes on Contributors

CHARLES JANSON (page 159): formerly Paris correspondent of *The Economist*

A. DOUGLAS JONES (page 161): Director of the Birmingham School of Architecture

SIR LLEWELLYN WOODWARD (page 167): Professor at the Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton, since 1951; editor of *Documents on British Foreign Policy 1919-1939*; author of *The Age of Reform*, etc.

D. H. CUSHING (page 170): Principal Scientific Officer at the Fisheries Laboratory, Lowestoft

DENNIS LLOYD (page 172): Reader in English Law, University of London (University College)

Crossword No. 1,265.

Purely Nominal—II.

By Joxon

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value, 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, August 5

CLUES—ACROSS

1. House-servant of Lovewit (4).
5. Tosca perhaps. Do you cotton to the idea? (5).
8. Wild ass, Canaanite King (4).
12. Said 'call no man happy till he is dead' (5).
13. Arthur's spear (3).
15. Hildebrand called him 'a twisted monster all awry' (4).
16. 'a small town. Of ancient Roman date' (4).
17. Spoil a district of Aberdeenshire (3).

19. Cornish bay where an Iron Age cemetery was discovered (6).
20. Attendant of Queen Mab (3).
21. Monster with head of a horse and body of a dragon (5).
22. Worker at Asolo with one 'day that lightens the next twelvemonth's toil' (5).
23. Author of *Douglas* (4).
26. — in search of a Father (6).
28. The city of Constantine which 'abides and must abide' (9).
31. 'proud Somerset and William —' (4).
33. Renegade shot in *The Siege of Corinth* (3).
35. Naomi asked to be called (4).
37. A knight may make you groan (5).
39. One of an Aryan race inhabiting Eastern Europe (4).
41. Derby winner (6).
43. Or Boetia? Muse on the question (5).
45. 'do roses nod the head, —?' Flecker asked (6).
48. Daughter of Inachus (2).
49. Kent keeper (4).
50. Wrote the novel *Tiger Lilies* (6).
51. See 27D (3).
52. This lough is a teaser (3).
53. 'renow'd for grave citizens' (4).
54. Author of *The Golden Bough* (6).

DOWN

1. '— Drake in an open coaster. (All round the Sands!)'—Kipling (7).
2. Mix it as a stimulating drink (4).
3. Add to Homer and find a pianist (6).
4. Here was the Temple of the Olympian Zeus (4).
5. Traversed by the river Adda (4).
6. Almost notorious Scottish isle (5).
7. The French one is St. Clement's dragon. What a game! (4).
8. Permitted Paul to speak for himself (7).
9. The 'squire of Hudibras' (6).
10. 'Shallow-hearted' Tennyson called her (3).
11. Wrote *Two Years before the Mast* (4).
12. Voltage = current × resistance is his law (3).
18. Asked 'Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?' (4).
24. Archdeacon credited with a large share in the composition of the Arthurian romances (3).
26. Learned 'how to scale a fortress—or a nunnery' (4).
- 27-51A. Spanish saint and author, famous for mystic visions (6).

29. Mariotte wrote the opera, Wilde the libretto (6).
30. 'She stood upon the castle wall' (6).
32. Opera by Charpentier (6).
34. Translated the Arabian Nights (4).
36. Ten as 'a Squire of low degree' (5).
37. Brother of Magog (5).
38. First Viceroy of Peru (5).
39. River in Alsace-Lorraine (4).
40. Spiv? No, you've got it mixed here (4).
42. Or Bela, 'a little one' (4).
44. Cousin of Mahomet (3).
46. Wife of Thor (3).
47. 'A chief ruler about David' (3).

Solution of No. 1,263

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
A	N	T	I	G	R	O	P	E	L	I	S
B	O	O	N	Y	O	V	E	R	A	T	E
S	L	I	V	R	R	S	N	O	U	T	X
T	I	V	O	T	E	D	I	O	N	E	C
R	A	E	T	O	R	I	C	P	T	R	E
A	G	R	A	P	A	L	E	S	I	N	
C	E	R	T	H	E	N	E	R	E	S	T
T	A	E	C	I	D	E	S	L	I	S	E
I	N	E	R	D	A	L	K	O	R	E	N
O	Z	D	A	I	N	I	G	U	A	V	A
F	U	E	C	A	T	E	G	N	T	E	R
S	O	U	T	H	W	E	S	T	K	R	N

NOTES

Across: 15. hve in S.R. 16. no-ut in SS. 22. a gripper; a seizer. 25. stoRax. 29. Eve (vigil)—rest. 36. INTER 'trained'. 39. anag. of DORIAN. 40. varan. 41. F(o)UR-CA(r)TE 43. NE—SW.

Down: 4. Get—INGOT. 5. sEarch—hidden rev. 7. FastI. 8. Ros(rum. 10. oDd 12. se-cen'-yearn anag.; naY 23. Towards. 24. Set. 26. Ass-ever. 28. Mr. Reeder (Edgar Wallace). 30. Chicken. 34. leasT. 35. Count the Cost.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: L. T. Whitaker (Stretford); 2nd prize: H. M. Owen (Newcastle upon Tyne); 3rd prize: M. J. Harington (London, N.W.3).

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTAL TUITION FOR THE

G.C.E.

According to the number and choice of subjects and the level at which they are taken (Ordinary or Advanced) the General Certificate of Education serves as evidence of a sound general education, the first step to a degree, or the means of exemption from most professional preliminary exams. Wolsey Hall provides individually-conducted postal courses for G.C.E. examinations at reasonable fees, payable by instalments, if desired.

PROSPECTUS from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Director of Studies, Dept. FE51,

WOLSEY HALL, OXFORD

Be a Master of English

You are judged by the way you speak and write.

Improve your English quickly by post—the Regent Institute way. Many students say that the moderate fee charged for the Effective English Course is the best investment they have ever made. The tuition is so planned that you make noticeable progress within a few hours.

Post this advertisement to-day to The Regent Institute (Dept. Y/391A), Palace Gate, London, W.8—enclosing 2d. stamp—for an interesting **15-Minute Test (with key)** and **"Word Mastery"** (the prospectus)—without obligation.

NAME

ADDRESS

Free as a Bird



You're air-conditioned in AERTEX all year round

On stifling days you won't be stifled, on freezing days you won't be frozen—not if you're in Aertex. Its millions of air-cells cool you in the heat, yet insulate you from the cold. Enjoy all-year comfort in Aertex shirts, underwear, pyjamas.

Free illustrated 1954 Catalogue For your copy send this coupon to Ad. Manager, Aertex, 1 Long Lane, London, S.E.1. Tel: Hop 2855
Do you know the name of your nearest Aertex retailer?

YES NO

NAME

ADDRESS

Genuine Aertex
bears this label



SHOPPING CENTRE

Q865

YOUR PEN CAN PAY FOR YOUR HOLIDAY!

Wherever you take your holiday this year, your pen can pay the cost—and more! With paper-rationing nearing its end and travel becoming easier, more and more papers and magazines are interested in articles and stories with a holiday flavour. The mind when in fresh surroundings develops an alertness and stores up material which the trained writer can always use.

The LSJ has courses to help every kind of writer—journalist or story writer—beginner or expert. Its latest Course on TV Play writing specially written by Mr. George F. Kerr of the drama department of the B.B.C., is unique in covering a field hitherto almost unexplored. The famous writer Mr. L. A. G. Strong has prepared the Course in English Literature, Mr. J. Hampden Jackson the English History.

If you feel attracted to any form of writing, you should seek the School's advice. The free book "Writing for the Press" makes no extravagant promises but describes moderately the methods of the School and shows how you can enter a field that is open to all. The fees are low—advice is free from

Chief Secretary, **LONDON SCHOOL OF JOURNALISM**
57, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1

MUSEum 4574

Banking and YOUR JOB . . .



"My
line
is
Wool"

From the sheep-shearing shed to the rolls of cloth in the shops or the skeins of wool on the counter of a departmental store is a long journey and the fleece, the fibre and the fabric pass through many hands on the way, all directly or indirectly needing banking services.

Most of the great businesses "in wool" have sprung from small beginnings. Martins Bank endeavours to provide equally good service for all customers and to support character, initiative and drive where evident even in the most modest business.

If you feel the Bank can be of help to you, please call at our nearest branch. The Manager, friendly and understanding, will gladly discuss your problems.



MARTINS BANK LIMITED

London District Office: 68 Lombard Street, E.C.3

HEAD OFFICE: WATER STREET, LIVERPOOL 2

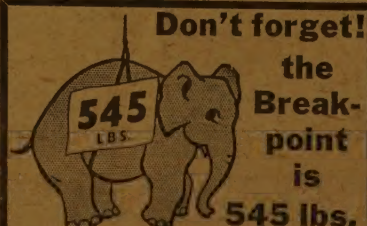
Total Assets (as at 30th June, 1954) - £343,754,026

"WHY BUY NEW"



For a number of years we have renovated Silverware for the trade with outstanding success. We now offer you this excellent service from the factory to your door. If it can be restored to its original quality, then we can do it for you, at prices which we believe are the most competitive in the trade. Free price list available on request. Enquiries from jewellers welcome.

THE RELIABLE SILVER REPAIR SERVICE
19/21, CARVER STREET,
SHEFFIELD, 1.



Cheaper than string—
stronger than rope

PERFECT UNUSED FAULTY TELEPHONE WIRE

Insulated, waterproof, ideal for Fencing, Packing, Baling Machines, Horticulture, Tomato Stringing, etc.

per mile 35/- Min. quantity 1,000 ft. 20/-
Free delivery anywhere U.K. Write for free sample 13/6

Dept. 12, c/o STREETS
110, Old Broad St., London, E.C.2

London University DEGREES—open to all

A Degree of the University of London can be taken without residence. U.C.C., founded 1887, prepares students for the relative examinations (two only under certain conditions) for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., B.Mus., etc. Highly qualified Tutors. Low fees; instalments.

From 1920-1953 more than 36,000 U.C.C. students PASSED London University exams.

★ PROSPECTUS free from the Registrar



UNIVERSITY
CORRESPONDENCE
COLLEGE

56 Burlington House, CAMBRIDGE

For Holidays Abroad MARLBOROUGH'S SELF-TAUGHT PHRASE BOOKS

provide a wide range of Vocabulary and Phrases arranged under subjects together with the **ENGLISH PHONETIC PRONUNCIATION**

By following instructions given you are able to **MAKE YOURSELF READILY UNDERSTOOD**

IDEAL FOR TOURISTS & TRAVELLERS

Obtainable in 37 languages at 3/6 each

Write to the publishers for list E, post free on request.

E. MARLBOROUGH & CO., LTD.
13-16 BRITTON ST., LONDON, E.C.1

Paint in Oils

—fascinating 8-lesson postal course with Hayward Veal as your personal tutor. Quickest, surest way to professional skill in painting.

Details from:

PITMAN COLLEGE OF ART,

296 Pitman House, Godalming, Surrey

Your hands will feel at Home



ON A
CHAPPELL
PERFECTION OF TOUCH
SUPREME TONAL QUALITY

CHAPPELL PIANOS

CHAPPELL PIANO COMPANY LTD.
50 New Bond Street, London, W.1
Telephone: MAYfair 7600